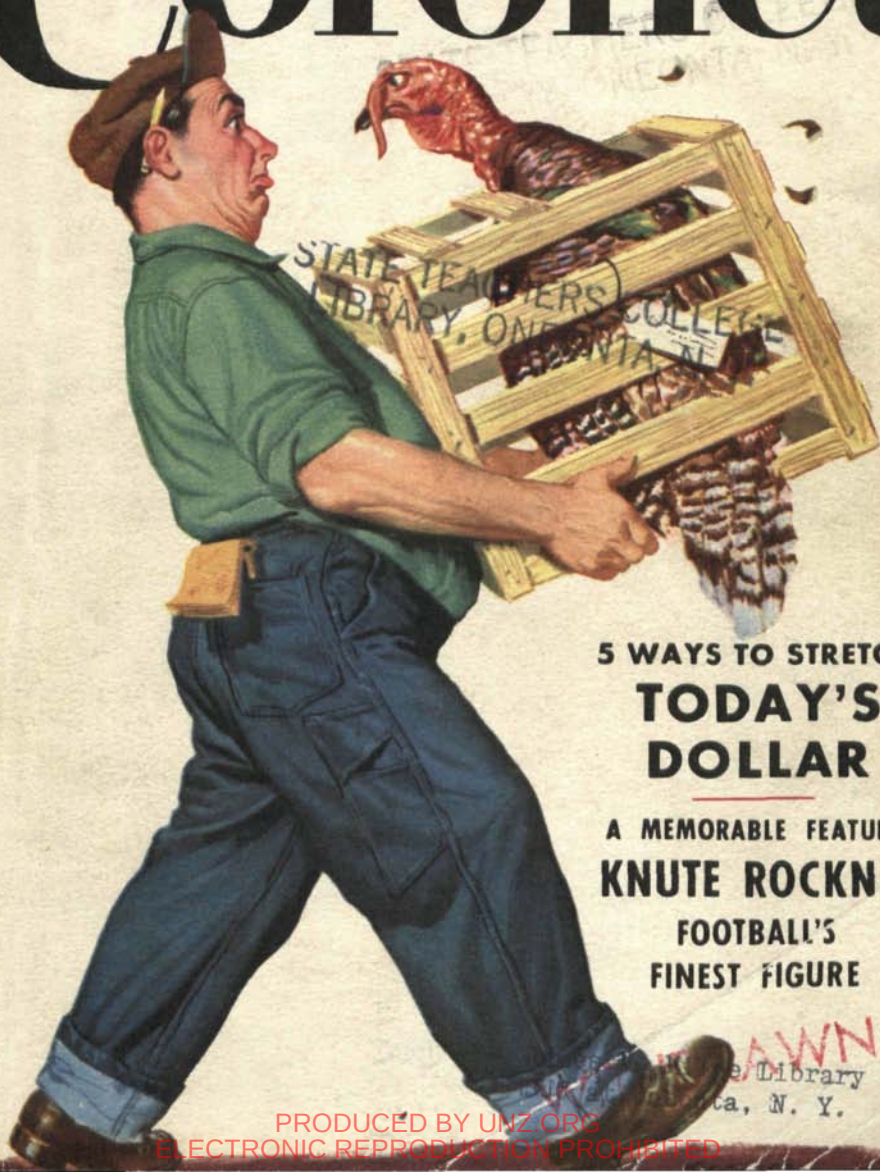


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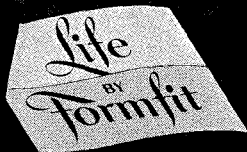
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WESTWARD THE WOMEN

WHEN CALIFORNIA was a frontier, 200 lonely ranchers advertised in Chicago for 200 women who were willing to share the perilous life of a pioneer. This M-G-M movie with Robert Taylor and Denise Darcel tells the story of the women who answered, and went West in one of the strangest wagon trains ever to cross the U.S. Before reaching their prospective mates, they have fought wilderness, weather, Indians—and each other.



DETECTIVE STORY

AS A PLAY, Sidney Kingsley's cops-and-robbers drama thrilled Broadway for 18 months with its power and perception. As a movie, it retains all its stark realism, and offers none of the glamour which Hollywood often attributes to screen detectives. Kirk Douglas plays a law enforcer with a psychopathic mania against crime and, with this performance, he becomes one of Paramount's leading contenders for an Oscar.



IT'S ONLY MONEY

JOHNNY DALTON is a cautious bank teller. Mibs Goodhug is his anxious-to-get-married girl. When a gambler thrusts \$40,000 into Johnny's hand one day and, almost simultaneously, the bank discovers a shortage of funds, Johnny turns for help to his friend, Emil J. Keck, advocate of the "live dangerously" theory. So begins R-K-O's tune-ful, madcap adventure, involving Frank Sinatra, Jane Russell, Groucho Marx, and 1,000 laughs.

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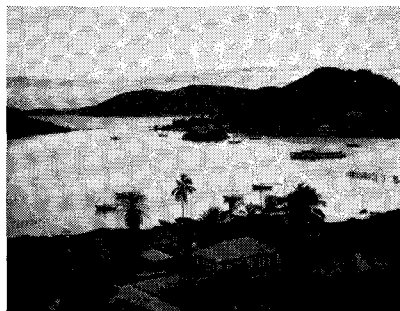
You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

Going Away in November?



Argentina: From the rolling pampas to the towering, snow-capped Andes, Argentina is a land that generates tremendous enthusiasms. Its capital city, Buenos Aires—largest in South America—teems with activity: theater, dance, sport. And everywhere, steaks are so plentiful that restaurants often feel they must adorn them with fried eggs!



Virgin Islands: Lost in the blue Caribbean, the Virgin Islands are far removed from everyday turmoils. Only 1,100 miles from the U.S. mainland, their picture-book towns and long sweeps of lonely beach make them seem part of another world. Chief commodities: inexpensive and peaceful days and nights in a setting of startling beauty.



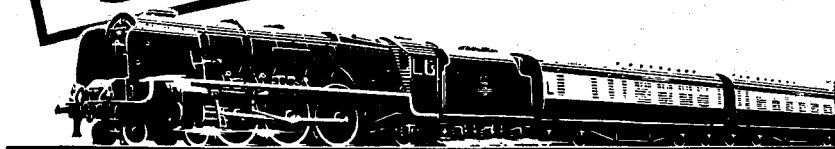
New Mexico: Follow the old Santa Fe trail over historic plains, past adobe huts and mission houses centuries old. Indian ceremonial dances and the swirling rhythms of Spanish-American folk songs remain part of modern New Mexico, a land deeply rooted in its colorful past. See famed Carlsbad Cavern, one of the world's great scenic wonders.



Virginia: South of the Potomac, life slows down to a pace reminiscent of another, more graceful day. A vista of American landmarks, Virginia treasures the homes of Washington, Jefferson, and Lee as memorials to three of this nation's greatest leaders. And, thrilling the hearts of all true sportsmen, wild duck take to the air in late November.

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No.1 Question Man

EACH DAY, the New York *Daily News'* Inquiring Photographer asks six people a different question. Their answers are duly printed in a column on the editorial page. Seemingly harmless enough, this column has perpetrated a riot, spurred World War II recruiting, gotten its author thrown into a hospital psychiatric ward, and, once, almost shot by the Secret Service.

The Inquiring Photographer is a former football star named Jimmy Jemail. In 30 years of question-asking, he has confronted more than 250,000 people with queries ranging from "What do you think of the UN?" to "Do you remember your first kiss?" The latter question, asked of an elderly lady, fetched him a spirited slap in the face.

Jemail once asked expert Alben Barkley, Vice-President of the U.S.

(above), the difference between love at 70 and love at 20. Said the Veep, who married at 74: "Ever hear the Biblical quote about old wine in a new bottle?"

The intrepid Inquiring Photographer has yet to beat a retreat, although when he tried to ask President Truman why he liked parades, alarmed Secret Servicemen surrounded him and snatched his camera. Governor Dewey intervened, whereupon the President promptly answered the question: "Parades make me feel like a boy again."

The answers to his questions are the real spice in the Inquiring Photographer's column. One, though wordless, was unequivocal. He asked a man, "How do you know you're sane?" Even Jemail was momentarily stunned when the man flashed a brand-new discharge certificate from a mental hospital.

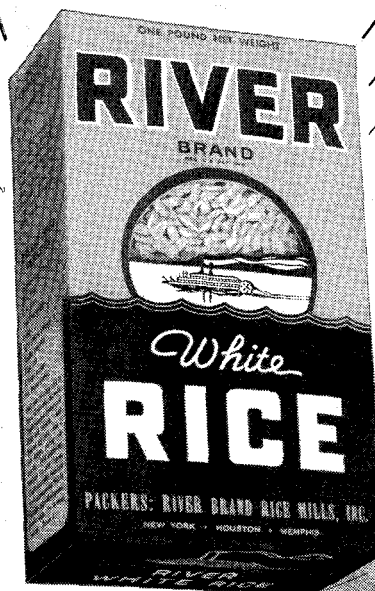
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For the spectator, warm nylon fleece.



For the skier, lightweight poplin.

WARM FOR WINTER



Children stay snug in these snowsuits.

WHEN WINTER COMES, children dream of snowballs, and adults prepare for skiing, or ice skating, or just walking through the white drifts. For everyone the problem is the same—how to keep warm and look well-dressed, and yet avoid feeling like a caterpillar tightly wrapped in its cocoon.

The young lady keeping her ears protected by the turned-up collar of her coat has found a successful solution. Of water-repellent poplin, the coat is lined with nylon fleece.

Skiing is such a strenuous sport that the real outdoorsman needs only a light, wind-resistant covering to keep the cold out, the body heat in.

Little boys need the extra warmth of ski pants which form a bib front under their jackets. Older sisters look smart in two-tone cavalry twill.

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with

Picture Power!



17-inch RCA Victor Bristol. Lowest priced PICTURE POWER super-set. Compact table model in deep maroon metal has phono-jack for record changer attachment. Model 17T153.

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What's New in Toys

Looking forward to Christmas, here is a group of playthings to please any child.

WHIRLING SILVER WINGS send the scientifically designed airplane as high as 3,000 feet. Connected to its rod by thread, it can always be reeled in like a kite, and flies best in a gentle breeze.

TINY TOTS from two to four who want bikes just like big brother's will stop complaining if this chain-drive model appears under the Christmas tree. For balance it has two auxiliary wheels which can be removed when the toddler becomes an expert.

THE FLUFFY WHITE kitten will fool anyone but a mouse. An ingenious coil

spring in its body allows the toy to be manipulated so that it crawls, "eats," and does everything but meow.

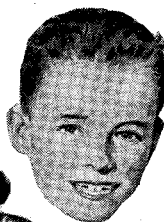
WHAT LITTLE GIRL, no matter how many presents she gets, wouldn't love a doll who carries her own doll in her arms? Identical in clothes, soft yellow hair and pert expression, they will fulfill that letter to Santa.

TO TEACH YOUNGSTERS how an automobile operates, and to delight them in the bargain, is the double purpose of the brightly colored hot rod. The plastic crankshaft and pistons can be watched in motion, and the rear body comes off to reveal the metal works which make the miniature car run.

Lionel Trains make a Boy feel like a Man



and a Man feel like a Boy



Everybody is Happy when it's a Lionel Train Christmas

Everybody gets into the act when it's Lionel Trains for Christmas. Sonny dreams of himself in a snappy engineer's cap, hand at the throttle of a 500-ton mainliner ... thundering ahead, a real whistle a-blowing, real smoke a-puffin'. Yes, sonny is a man among men, a Lionel engineer.

And say, Dad; whose trains are they? Well, it's great to feel like a kid again.

And remember, only Lionel Trains match a boy's Christmas dream, and Dad's too. The world's finest trains for over 50 years, they are unequalled for scale—detailed railroad realism, for steel wheeled solidity ... for remote control precision ... for the thrill of speed-boosting, grade-climbing Magne-Traction.* See catalogue at your dealer's or send coupon for special offer.

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Send coupon for 36-page Lionel catalogue plus R. R. sound effects record plus 10 billboards.



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Please send me special Lionel Train catalogue offer, postage prepaid. I enclose 25¢ to cover postage and packing.

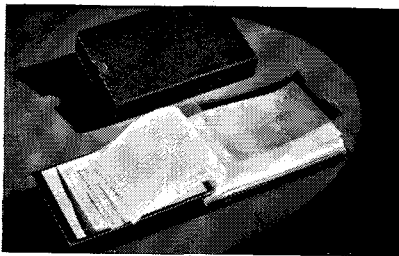
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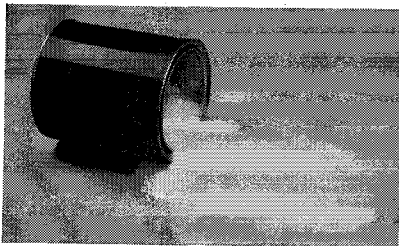
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Coronet's Family Shopper



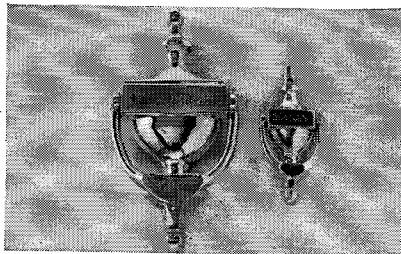
FOR THE SNAPSHOT or 35mm fan who is tired of hunting for the negative he wants, here's a file which keeps them catalogued. \$2.25. La Salle Camera Co., 133 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4.



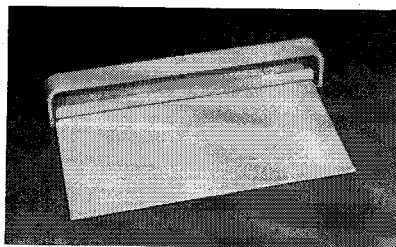
SNOW SHOVELING ends with these chemical pellets which dissolve snow and ice ten times faster than rock salt. They won't harm grass or plants. \$1.75 for 10 pounds. Lewis & Conger, NYC 19.



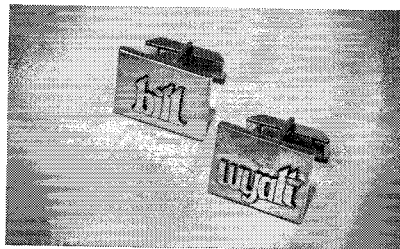
THIS TINY drip coffee maker fits on the cup and filters real coffee into it. Just add hot water to the ground coffee. Cover acts as coaster. \$1.50. Elron Prod., 156 W. Chicago, Chicago 10.



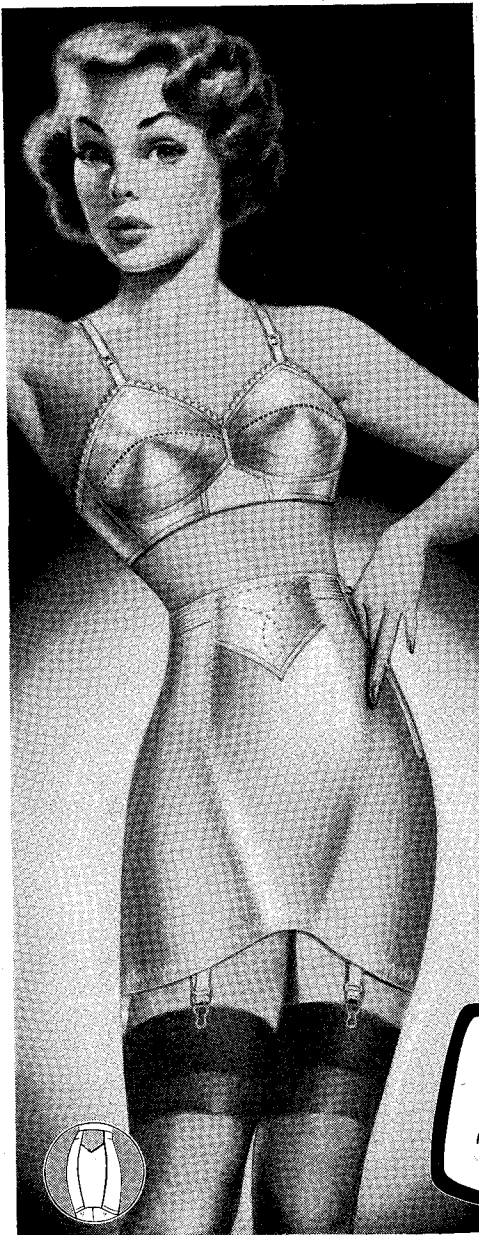
PERSONALIZED brass door knockers make thoughtful gifts. Up to 14 letters for the large one, a first name for the small. \$5.20 and \$2.20. Art Colony Industries, 69 Fifth Ave., NYC 3.



THIS SPICE SHELF has a concealed plasticized shade. Cooking food that splatters? Pull shade down, then wipe off the stains. Red, yellow, white. \$3.95. The Fitzgeralds, 545 Fifth Ave., NYC 17.



HIS NAME is on his sleeve with these sterling-silver cuff links. First name on both, or one name on each link. Limit, 12 letters each. \$14.40. Federal Assoc., 22 W. Madison, Chicago 2.



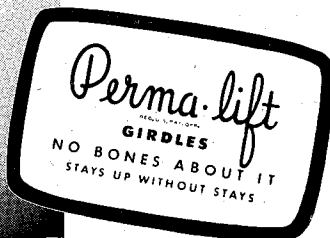
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NOVEMBER, 1951

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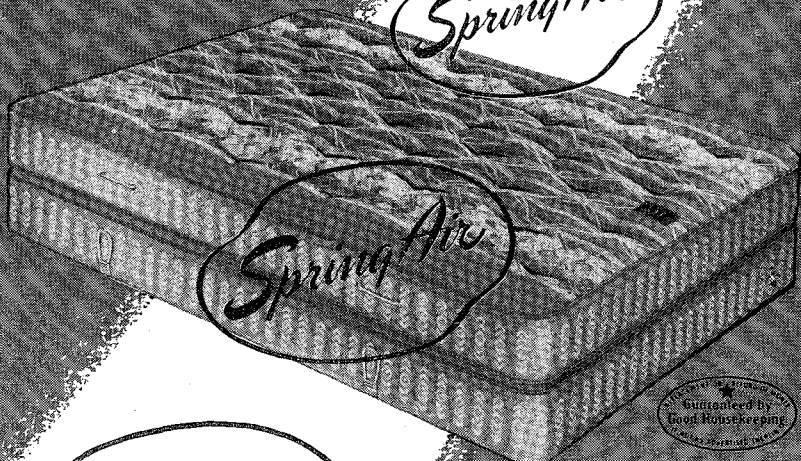
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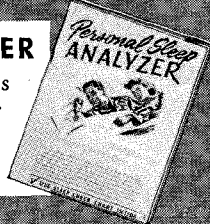
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A helpful guide to aid you in selecting just the right mattress for your own weight and build...even for people of unequal weight who sleep in the same bed. It assures proper contour softness... proper weight support. See your dealer, or write Spring-Air Co., Dept. 1124, Holland, Mich.





FIVE WAYS *to Stretch* TODAY'S DOLLAR

by MADELYN WOOD

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE to have new furnishings for your home? A chance to travel? A larger wardrobe? A new car every year? A better education for your children? Get out of debt?

Strange as it may seem, at a time when prices are sky-high, taxes are up, and family budgets are strained to the limit, you can have some or all of these objectives, or others more important to you. And to get them, you don't have to hit a radio jack pot, borrow money, or carry out penny-pinching economies that take the joy out of living.

This was the surprising and heartening message we got when we talked to the nation's family-finance counselors, experts working for banks, universities, and such organizations as the Institute of Life In-

surance. What hope is there, we asked, for the millions of families who, although they have been putting off needed purchases, are still barely breaking even? Or for the one-third of U. S. families, many of them in the higher-income brackets, who, according to the Federal Reserve Board, overspent their incomes last year?

The experts promised no miracles that would banish financial problems overnight. But they did say that millions of families are missing golden opportunities to make their money accomplish far more than it now is accomplishing. Their suggestions boil down to five basic ways to transform family finances. Carry out those which are applicable to your own family and you will discover the secret of living *above* your

income—without living beyond it.

1. *Improve your buying methods.*

Smarter buying can pay real dividends. Experts calculate that a careful shopper who really makes comparisons and takes advantage of genuine bargains can earn \$3 for every hour spent in shopping. But bargains—even real ones—can cost money if they lead you to buy things you don't need.

The housewife who just couldn't resist a bargain on two dozen nationally advertised towels, although she already had two dozen new ones bought at the last sale, was making a typical mistake that cuts, rather than raises, living standards.

The antidote for haphazard buying is to develop a plan. Make up a list of things you really need, or are going to need, in the foreseeable future—including major pieces of equipment. Then give them a priority rating. Let the whole family be familiar with the list, so that one member doesn't sink family money into a low-priority item.

Don't stop with just putting items on a list. Use every opportunity to learn more about merchandise before you are actually ready to buy it. Make comparisons; check on features and advantages of different advertised products. Then, when a favorable buying chance presents itself, you will already know just what you want. You'll also know a bargain when you see one.

Certainly, high-priority items should be those which can raise living standards and still save money. A home freezer, for instance, is a major purchase that will cost \$300 and up, but, correctly used, it can save an average family a good per-

centage of its yearly food expenses.

One family installed an improved thermostatic control for their heating system. The \$40 cost was repaid in fuel savings the first year. Many families have found that home insulation can pay for itself in three to seven years in lower fuel costs.

Perhaps thoughtless (or habit) buying is making you miss some of the amazing developments of modern science which can save money. In food, for instance, instant or soluble coffee can knock one-third off your coffee bill; chances are you'll like it as well as regular coffee. Frozen orange concentrate is saving many families on the cost of juice. Used in cooking, nonfat dry milk (which contains nutrient values of milk) can save one-half to two-thirds the cost of fresh milk.

Products of modern research extend far beyond the food field, of course. They include such items as new plastic coverings and upholstery that can treble the life of furniture; and men's hosiery made of nylon that can halve the number of worn-out socks. It will pay you to find out which products have a place in *your* buying plan.

2. *Plug the loopholes.*

You may as well face it—you won't find many places today where you can cut costs. But you may be spending a lot of money that doesn't buy you anything—not anything you want, anyway.

As a starter, look at financing costs. How much of your money is leaking away in fees and interest? Take the case of a man who bought a new car, with a balance of \$1,000. He found that by borrowing the money from his bank, the cost would

be \$40 for a year. Instead, he withdrew \$1,000 from family savings and bought the car for cash.

Thereafter, he made regular monthly deposits in his savings account, instead of paying the bank. In the account, the thousand dollars would have earned \$20 during the year. Moreover, as he regularly paid money back into the account, the interest he drew there increased steadily, so that he actually came out more than \$20 ahead on the transaction.

Some companies charge ten per cent on merchandise bought on time payments. That often figures out to be almost 20 per cent interest on the *unpaid balance*! Even companies which nominally make no credit charge actually have to charge for it in the form of higher prices than you might pay somewhere else. The sound rule in using credit is to make absolutely sure you are using the cheapest form you can get.

If you can't draw on savings, sometimes a loan on your life-insurance policies will be cheaper than paying high credit charges. Banks and credit unions can often give you lower rates than finance companies; check them first.

Never be misled by payments which stretch over a long period of time. If, for instance, you are getting a \$6,400 mortgage on your house at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, paying it off in 15 years will cost you \$8,790, which is bad enough. If you take 20 years, you will actually pay \$10,600!

Some of your money may be dribbling away in needless overpayments to private companies. How often do you fail to take advantage of discounts for prompt payment of bills? A homeowner discovered that

he had been paying an extra five per cent for fuel oil. The company offered a discount of this amount for payment in ten days, and he had been paying in thirty. A switch to immediate payment knocked \$15 a year off his fuel bills.

A woman who frequently let utility bills go beyond the discount period discovered she had needlessly paid \$17 in a year. Not so big in themselves, these figures add up.

3. *Do more things yourself.*

In times when labor is scarce and expensive, it will pay you to do things yourself.

Take the case of a man whose house needed repainting. He found it would cost \$350 to have the job done by contract. So, instead he purchased a sprayer for \$60, and brushes and paint for another \$70. He made a \$220 saving, and still had the sprayer for future use.

However, he could have done much the same thing without buying the sprayer at all. He could simply have rented it from one of the many hardware stores which lease such equipment. These rental services are an open sesame to big savings, for they offer the homeowner a chance to use expensive, work-saving power equipment for a few dollars a day.

In many communities you can rent concrete mixers, sanders, power saws, and electric hedge trimmers, plus complete sets of hand tools for all sorts of plumbing, carpentry, and wiring tasks.

There are many other small services which you can perform for yourself. A family which regularly paid a dollar for a weekly car wash and \$15 once a year for a polishing

job decided to do the work themselves. With a new fast compound that cost only \$2 for several polishing jobs a year, they saved \$65.

What you can save by sewing *some* of the family clothes and home furnishings is another big boost to living above your income. A \$150 sewing machine and \$10 worth of sewing lessons can help you cut \$300 to \$500 a year from a \$1,000 family clothing budget. A family with a larger budget than that—\$1,400—found that an expenditure of \$750 enabled them to be better dressed than they had been on the previous figure. And this included no really difficult sewing.

Doing things for yourself can expand recreational horizons. A man who couldn't afford a new rowboat found that he could buy a complete, ready-to-assemble kit for \$59.95. A family interested in archery as a hobby made their own bows, arrows, and targets at a saving of \$50—and had the extra fun of doing it.

You can find put-it-together-yourself kits for all sorts of recreational equipment. For instance, a table-tennis board that would cost \$50 ready-made can be assembled at home for about \$25.

4. *Earn extra money.*

It may be that to live above your regular income you'll have to earn extra money. Today, thanks to shorter work hours and expensive overtime, retail stores in many communities are desperately in need of part-time employees. Many offices, especially those which have periodic overloads, also need part-time workers.

In one community, housewives

have been working three evenings a week for a concern which has large mailings. In many areas the telephone company needs relief operators to fill in at odd hours; in some cases, high-school girls have been working three hours a day after classes.

It is amazing how much can be added to the family income by a job averaging only three hours a day. At the \$1-an-hour rate that is now commonplace, that amounts to \$15 a week. Allowing just 40 weeks a year brings the total to \$600, and that sum can create an appreciable change in a family's standard of living.

Today, there are innumerable selling jobs available to people who want to work part-time. One woman set up a subscription agency for leading magazines, discovered that for two hours a day, mostly on the telephone, she earned \$20 in a five-day week. Another woman who sold greeting cards earned \$25 a week, working less than half-time.

A man, busy at his job all day, will probably not want to have a part-time job too, although many men are doing it successfully. The trick is to try for a job quite different from the regular one. A young bookkeeper, for instance, earned extra money in an evening job as a gas-station attendant.

Perhaps the happiest means of earning extra money is to cash in on a hobby. A Western family made \$1,800 last year, carving bowls from myrtle wood. A Philadelphia salesman earned an extra \$2,200 last year, restoring antiques. A Minnesota railroad engineer earned \$1,700 by tying a special fly for fishermen. A woman in Chicago developed

her candy-making into a profitable business that almost doubled the family income.

5. *Have a financial goal.*

"What's the use? We've earned more money, tried hard to save, and we still aren't getting ahead."

The family counselor who hears this familiar lament is not surprised. These people have left out one step that budget experts say is vital to the success of any program for stepping up living standards. You must, they say, have a financial goal.

For most people the first objective is likely to be a very practical one, like getting out of debt or buying new equipment for the home. For others, it may mean the realization of a long-anticipated luxury—like the family that went on a West Indies cruise last winter, to the astonishment of friends who didn't see how it could be done on the husband's salary of \$4,500 a year.

Under ordinary circumstances, such an expenditure would have been an extravagance. It wasn't for this family, because they had faithfully carried out all five steps to-

ward adding value to family dollars.

If you can't decide how to use extra money, a happy way for many families is the declaration of a mutual "dividend." You start your plan with an agreement that, at the end of six months or a year, a certain amount of the savings will be divided among the family. The percentage to be allotted to the children may be determined by age and the contributions they have made to the program. When the dividend is handed out, the recipients should be allowed to spend it in any way they like.

In one typical family, where each member shared equally and received \$60 at the end of a year, the teen-age daughter decided to spend hers on a formal gown that would have been extravagance in the regular clothing budget. The father bought himself a home-workshop power tool; and the mother gave hers to a pet charity.

One thing is certain; nobody else can tell you how to spend your money after you have earned the right to live above your income. This is a pleasure that's all yours.



Color Blind

FIRST-TIME FOOTBALL spectators seldom make such mistakes as this one overheard at a University of Kentucky game. Things weren't going well for the blue-clad Kentucky Wildcats. Every play was smothered by the opposing line.

The lady sat in utter silence for a long time. Then she turned to her escort with this shrewd observation: "Those poor Kentucky boys must be color blind. They keep running straight into those people with the gold shirts."

—JOE CREASON, *LOUISVILLE Courier-Journal Magazine*

Packaging's Leading Lady



by A. J. CUTTING

With \$300 and a kettle of plastic, Mildred Funk cooked up a million-dollar business

RECENTLY, WHEN Army officials at the great Detroit Tank Arsenal wanted to protect a batch of medium tanks for shipment to GIs overseas, they put in a call for a civilian expert, a dark-haired, attractive young woman named Mildred Funk. Under her watchful eyes, workmen coated the machines of war from tread to turret with a brownish, transparent plastic.

Mildred Funk was called because she heads the company which makes the protective plastic that would guard the tanks against rust, corrosion, heat, and cold—until ready for use. Seven years ago, Miss Funk had a kettle of the taffylike plastic, a lot of faith in its possibilities—and \$300. Today, at 34, she is president of a company capitalized at \$1,000,000.

Her fantastic plastic, called Seal-Peel because it seals the item and peels off like an orange skin, has put protective overcoats on about every-

thing from spark plugs to micrometers, china to Swiss watches. Glass jars and eggs coated with it have been merrily bounced off sidewalks without breaking.

Mildred Funk learned about her versatile plastic purely by chance. While at a party one evening in 1944, she heard two men talking about a protective coating which would keep tools from rusting. Her interest was aroused because she was then engaged in expediting aircraft parts, and one of the biggest problems was getting them overseas without corrosion from salt water and humidity.

From the men she learned that this coating was a new plastic and that a small factory was using it to protect easily damaged precision gauges. After watching the coating of some tools with the plastic, Miss Funk knew it was the answer to her problem of safe packaging.

With \$300, borrowed on her car,

she set out to get backing from friends and other small investors. George Puddington, who had been an admirer of Miss Funk's initiative in a battle over speeding up delivery of aircraft parts, became the first investor, and with him Miss Funk formed the Seal-Peel corporation. Their enthusiasm was contagious, and in short order they had \$65,000 working capital.

"There was no single, big backer," she explains proudly. "We built on the faith of a lot of little people."

After acquiring the services of Miss Funk's brother, a young chemist, the new associates started to produce the plastic in a small rented factory on Detroit's West Side. Initial results were pretty dismal; the first month of operation they sold the staggering total of ten pounds.

But things brightened when the material was submitted to the Armed Forces for tests of its long-time protective characteristics. The tests were successful; Uncle Sam approved the product and became the company's first big customer.

From then on, orders poured in so fast that the company outgrew its pint-size plant. To get capital for expansion, the lady president floated a stock issue of 200,000 shares.

MILDRED FUNK has found a variety of amazing uses for her "miracle" plastic. It has been applied to bedsprings to remove the squeak, and used on boat hulls and decks to protect them from the elements. Native pottery-makers are putting it on clay jars and jugs to bring out the colors and make their wares waterproof. A while back, Miss Funk received a request from South America for an estimate on

material to coat 60,000 windmills.

She never knows what to expect when the telephone rings. One day a caller asked: "Can you coat meat with your plastic?"

"We could do it and it would be nontoxic and harmless, but a solvent in the plastic would probably spoil the flavor," he was told.

"The meat is already contaminated," came the reply. "It is pork, infected with trichinosis. We want to preserve it in its present state for laboratory study."

Miss Funk promised to take care of the matter.

A good many hardheaded businessmen laughed when she said that her product would protect almost any item against moisture penetration, oxidation, and rough handling, and would eliminate bulky, expensive wrappings. So, as a practical demonstration, she arranged with the air lines for a round-the-world flight. Then she invited a selected list of manufacturers to send samples of their products on the air-freight junket, clad only in the plastic coating.

She was soon swamped with such diverse industrial guinea pigs as crystal and china, television tubes, precision instruments, automobile parts, tooth paste, dried blood plasma, perfume, surgical instruments, and an artificial hand.

The industrial "passengers," products of 124 concerns, were coated and dumped into cardboard cartons without regard for type or classification. Then, for 93 days they were subjected to high altitudes, salt air, intense humidity, and rough travel during a 20,000-mile flight. A committee which examined the contents at the tour's

end pronounced the cargo in 96 per cent perfect condition.

The manufacturers were convinced and Seal-Peel signed up a batch of new customers.

As part of the cargo on this trip, Miss Funk sent a basket of plastic-protected eggs to the Lord Mayor of London to dramatize how they could be kept fresh and unbroken. When the British Consul in Detroit heard about it, he called her.

"Won't you do us a favor and include another basket for Their Majesties?" he asked. "They seldom get eggs, you know."

So two baskets were part of the plane's cargo. The King and Queen treated their eggs with restraint. But the Lord Mayor's basket received a thorough testing in London. Viscount Louis Mountbatten and several other dignitaries had a high time bouncing the eggs around the Lord Mayor's chambers to prove that they were really unbreakable. And Miss Funk proved conclusively that fragile machine parts would be as well protected by Seal-Peel as the eggs had been.

Mildred Funk knew nothing at all about plastics when she started her fabulous business. Her first job, at 17, was managing school cafeterias in a Detroit suburb. She attended night school at the same time, and, after finishing a course in institutional dietetics, received her teacher's certificate. Later she taught night school while holding down a daytime job as personnel director in a department store.

When World War II came along, she went to work as an expeditor of aircraft parts, and, meanwhile, won her pilot's wings and became a lieutenant in the Civil Air Patrol. Then came her venture into the plastic-coating field.

Under her imaginative direction, a number of other products have been developed. There is a liquid plastic that makes paper and porous surfaces waterproof, an undercoating for automobiles, and a covering for seats.

All in all, Mildred Funk has managed to cook up quite a business since she first heard those two men discussing a new plastic.



For a Young Couple's Housewarming

MAY ALL THE MANY WOODS that go into the making of your home be a symbol of your marriage. May your love be strong as the beams that support your house; may it burn as steadily as the logs in your fireplace after the first passionate flames have died away. May your two lives be knit together as closely as a dovetail joint,

resisting every force that would tear you apart. May the sound of small feet on your maple floors be a welcome one and the print of small hands on your finest furniture never disturb you.

And, last but not least, may the hard wood of your threshold be well worn with the coming and going of many, many friends!

—Life Today

Don't Believe Those

Heart Myths!

by JOHN E. PFEIFFER

Too many healthy Americans have been scared into semi-invalidism by silly fables

ARE YOU WORRIED about your heart? If so, you are not alone, because for every genuine patient there are probably a dozen perfectly healthy Americans with chronic heart jitters.

Most of them are *not* neurotics or hypochondriacs but sensible people who have been misled by "scare" stories and well-meaning but medically naïve friends. In fact, combating a weird assortment of myths has become a major activity of the American Heart Association and other health organizations.

Most of these fables are based on an utterly false picture of the average heart patient. In the movies he is always bravely riding around in a wheel chair, or lying helplessly in bed as though he expected to die within a few hours.

In real life, most heart patients live long and actively after their attacks. Even more important, they would actually shorten their lives by not taking moderate and regular exercise.

Take the case of Joe, a pressman for a Chicago newspaper. He was

working a full night shift, plus overtime and Saturday nights, during the big Sunday-edition rush. Six years ago, at 39, he felt a pressing sensation under his breastbone and a painful tingling in his left arm. He sat down to let the spell pass, and then forgot about it.

But he did not forget a more severe attack four days later. This time Joe was taken home. When the doctor came, he diagnosed the condition as coronary thrombosis—a clot that was blocking off one of the arteries leading to the heart.

Joe's treatment was simple—a month in the hospital with complete rest. The doctor was counting on nature to perform an ingenious feat of biological engineering known as collateral circulation. As usually happens in such cases, scar tissue formed and reserve blood vessels lengthened, growing toward the "starved" area and establishing new channels.

But Joe believed his share of heart fables. He figured that he would die within a year or two, perhaps sooner, if he didn't spend

the rest of his life in an easy chair.

One of the biggest problems in treating coronary patients is to avoid just such psychological invalidism. Under his doctor's care, Joe started rehabilitating himself slowly and fearfully. For a year it was light work only. Then he returned to his old job, but on an easier daytime shift.

Before his attacks, Joe had taken an occasional highball, and he expected he would have to stop drinking entirely. Instead, he was advised to take two drinks daily, just after work, because alcohol is often helpful in coronary cases. Fatigue causes the blood vessels to constrict, and increases the risk of the block-off process and clot formation. But alcohol counteracts this effect by dilating the arteries.

At last Joe was healthy and confident enough to try the night schedule again. That was three years ago. Today he is back at the job, and takes care of himself when he leaves the presses. He has cut down on smoking, goes to bed early, and doesn't work overtime. And his heart hasn't bothered him since those spells in 1944.

Medical files are jammed with records of cases which disprove the lingering belief that heart disease means invalidism and early death. Of course, this doesn't imply that you can neglect your heart, or lightly take the risk of getting sick. It would be highly misleading to dodge the knowledge that—with people living much longer than they used to—heart disease is the chief cause of death in the U. S.

In fact, doctors do not yet understand the underlying causes of the three conditions which are respon-

sible for 90 per cent of all reported cases—rheumatic fever, hardening of the heart arteries, and hypertension or high blood pressure. But an estimated \$7,000,000 a year is being spent in an all-out drive to discover these causes.

PERHAPS THE most elaborate heart myths have grown up around the notion that there is a single, sure-fire sign of heart disease. Take pain in the chest, perhaps the most feared of all "symptoms."

Last winter a New York mailman was climbing stairs to deliver a letter. Suddenly he felt a sharp pain in the left side of his chest, "just over my heart" (a symptom that heart disease has in common with many other diseases).

For more than two weeks the pains kept recurring every time extra effort caused him to breathe deeply. Finally he had a medical checkup, and received the surprise of his life. Instead of heart disease, he had a form of pleurisy, and the ailment cleared up after a few weeks of treatment.

Pain in the chest, in most cases, has nothing to do with the state of your heart. And the same thing goes for all the supposed danger signals—palpitations, dizziness, faintness, shortness of breath, swollen feet. But the trouble is probably something that needs medical attention, so let your doctor do the diagnosing.

Your heart is a remarkably accurate indicator of what's going on inside you. During sleep, it may beat from 55 to 60 times a minute, and by the time you are up and about the pace may be as high as 80.

Anxiety may double the heart rate by tensing the muscles that

control blood-vessel diameters. Bouts of nervousness affect circulation, causing the blood vessels near the skin to constrict, and the heart must do extra work to pump the same amount of blood through narrower pipe lines.

Several years ago the ten top runners in the annual Boston Marathon had their prerace pulses checked. One man had a rate of 118 beats a minute, a pure case of competition jitters. It so happened that this athlete won, and tests taken after the grueling 26-mile run showed that his pulse rate at the finish was ten beats lower!

The odds are that your heart is in good shape, and you can help keep it that way. Moderate exercise, such as a brisk walk and a round of golf, is as important for completely healthy persons as for heart patients, because the heart, like all muscles, is meant to be used.

As far as diet is concerned, the main point to remember is that you are probably not exercising as violently as you once did. Extra-large meals are all right for professional athletes, but many Americans continue to eat heavily even though

they spend most of their time behind desks.

Also, recent studies indicate that fat may do more than put an added burden on the heart. Certain fatty foods, including butter, cream, and eggs, are rich in a substance called cholesterol—which may be deposited on the inner walls of the arteries. During later stages of the process, calcified layers may form, making the blood vessels narrower and brittle.

Hundreds of thousands of persons are overtaxing their hearts, even though they exercise properly and get all the vitamins and proteins they need. Dr. Harold C. Habein, of the Mayo Clinic, reviewed the records of 176 executives and concluded that high-pressure work and manner of living impaired their health and efficiency. For lunch, many of them gulped sandwiches and coffee in their offices, instead of relaxing in a restaurant.

Far too many people know much more about their television sets than they know about their hearts. One of the best ways of avoiding heart trouble is to get the facts—and ignore the fables.

The Price of Freedom



DAVE EPSTEIN, 79 years old and Russian-born, now a naturalized United States citizen, has a unique way of expressing gratitude. He makes an annual contribution of \$100 to the U. S. Treasury. "Because," he says, "if I stayed in the old country, I wouldn't have made enough to be able to give away a nickel."

This year when he sent in his

contribution, he attached this message to President Truman:

"Please accept this money order to the Treasury as my humble donation to help our country in its effort to assure the people of the world the right to choose the form of government they want.

"Dave, the bellhop"

Yes, to Dave, the bellhop, Freedom is priceless.

—*Christian Science Monitor*



by NORMAN LEWIS

Most educated people, even in this highly literate age, have little faith in the accuracy of their spelling. Their inferiority complex results from the personal misfortunes they have had with a comparative handful of English words.

For it is a fascinating fact that of the more than half-million words in the English language, *exactly* 50 commonly used words are almost inevitably misspelled by adults. Even more intriguing, if a person misspells one of these 50 words, *he makes exactly the same mistake* as almost everyone else who gets it wrong.

The educated person whose spelling ability is *below average* is likely to be right on only six of these 50 words.

The speller of *average* ability will feel certain about the proper pattern of only the first 14—on the rest he has no more than an even chance of being correct.

The *superior speller* will do well on the first 41; beyond that point he will be in error at least one time out of two.

Only the *perfect or near-perfect speller* will be able to roll up a successful score on all 50 words.

Would you like to know in what category your spelling puts you? Then follow directions carefully:

1. Below are the 14 words which offer the least difficulty to educated people whose spelling ability is just about average. Each of the words is offered in its correct pattern and in the way in which it is popularly misspelled—it is up to you to make an accurate choice. You belong to the group of average spellers only if you succeed in making a minimum score of 13.

- | | |
|------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. (a) grammer | (b) grammar |
| 2. (a) argument | (b) arguement |
| 3. (a) surprise | (b) surprise |
| 4. (a) achieve | (b) acheive |
| 5. (a) balloon | (b) ballon |
| 6. (a) definately | (b) definitely |
| 7. (a) separate | (b) seperate |
| 8. (a) desirable | (b) desireable |
| 9. (a) existence | (b) existance |
| 10. (a) developement | (b) development |
| 11. (a) pronounciation | (b) pronunciation |
| 12. (a) occassion | (b) occassion |
| 13. (a) assistant | (b) assisstant |
| 14. (a) repitition | (b) repetition |

KEY: 1-b, 2-b, 3-b, 4-a, 5-a, 6-b, 7-a, 8-a, 9-a, 10-b, 11-b, 12-a, 13-a, 14-b.





2. The following 11 words usually offer no problem to the above-average speller. Get 10 right to join this class.

- | | |
|-----------------------|-------------------|
| 15. (a) privilege | (b) priviledge |
| 16. (a) dissappoint | (b) disappoint |
| 17. (a) irresistibile | (b) irresistible |
| 18. (a) reccomend | (b) recommend |
| 19. (a) accomodate | (b) accomodate |
| 20. (a) occurence | (b) occurrence |
| 21. (a) concience | (b) conscience |
| 22. (a) analyze | (b) analize |
| 23. (a) embarrassment | (b) embarassment |
| 24. (a) indispensable | (b) indispensable |
| 25. (a) allotted | (b) alotted |

KEY: 15-a, 16-b, 17-a, 18-b, 19-a, 20-b, 21-b, 22-a, 23-a, 24-b, 25-a.

3. The following 16 words are easy only for superior adult spellers. Get at least 14 right to enter this class.

- | | |
|----------------------|------------------|
| 26. (a) alright | (b) all right |
| 27. (a) coolly | (b) cooly |
| 28. (a) supercede | (b) supersede |
| 29. (a) perseverance | (b) persevarence |
| 30. (a) ecstacy | (b) ecstasy |
| 31. (a) plebian | (b) plebeian |
| 32. (a) insistent | (b) insistant |

- | | |
|---------------------|-----------------|
| 33. (a) exhilarate | (b) exhilarate |
| 34. (a) vacuum | (b) vaccuum |
| 35. (a) ridiculous | (b) rediculous |
| 36. (a) sherrif | (b) sheriff |
| 37. (a) oscilate | (b) oscillate |
| 38. (a) tyrannous | (b) tyrranous |
| 39. (a) drunkenness | (b) drunkeness |
| 40. (a) dissipate | (b) disippate |
| 41. (a) connoiseur | (b) connoisseur |

KEY: 26-b, 27-a, 28-b, 29-a, 30-b, 31-b, 32-a, 33-b, 34-a, 35-a, 36-b, 37-b, 38-a, 39-a, 40-a, 41-b.

4. These are the nine hardest words, and only a person of phenomenal ability can get at least eight right.

- | | |
|----------------------|------------------|
| 42. (a) sacreligious | (b) sacrilegious |
| 43. (a) annoint | (b) anoint |
| 44. (a) ukelele | (b) ukulele |
| 45. (a) iridescent | (b) irridescant |
| 46. (a) vacillate | (b) vaccilate |
| 47. (a) geneology | (b) genealogy |
| 48. (a) liquefy | (b) liquify |
| 49. (a) innoculate | (b) inoculate |
| 50. (a) dilettante | (b) dillettante |

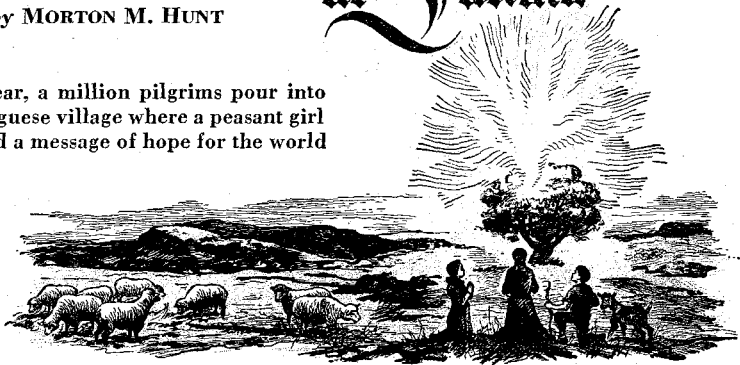
KEY: 42-b, 43-b, 44-b, 45-a, 46-a, 47-b, 48-a, 49-b, 50-a.



The Miracle at Fátima

by MORTON M. HUNT

Each year, a million pilgrims pour into a Portuguese village where a peasant girl received a message of hope for the world



THE DREAD Russian secret police (MVD) are hunting today for an "enemy agent" from Portugal who has boldly slipped past the Iron Curtain. Somewhere, in a secret meeting in a cellar or barn tonight, that agent will be the focus of attention of a group of tired, yearning Russians who have had enough of communism. Tomorrow there will be another meeting somewhere else, and still another and another. The MVD would give anything to know where, and when.

The mysterious agent is a little wooden statue of the Virgin Mary, as the Catholics of the world believe she appeared in 1917 in an apparition near the village of Fátima, in central Portugal. An unnamed priest, in civilian clothes, smuggled the statue over the Soviet border several months ago, and it is now making a grand tour, carrying with it the message that a Por-

tuguese shepherd girl said the Virgin gave to her.

The crux of that message is something the world desperately wants to hear: there can be peace on earth if Soviet Russia returns to Christianity, and if the people of the world turn from evil ways and work towards that end.

In the 34 years that have elapsed since the Miracle of Fátima, the story of what happened there has spread far beyond the boundaries of theology. Non-Catholics, as well as Catholics, have seen the dramatic working out, in terms of modern history, of the ten-year-old Portuguese girl's prophetic vision.

Leaving aside the religious aspects of that vision, its physical aspects, as they have slowly unfolded in later years, certainly border on the miraculous. For example, in 1917 the place where the girl had her unique experience was a de-

served pasture land, unknown even to many Portuguese. Now it has been transformed into a vast shrine, which each year attracts more than a million pilgrims.

Pamphlets, relating what happened there, have become a familiar sight on American newsstands. Strangest of all, nine record companies in this country last year turned out recordings of a ballad called *Our Lady Of Fatima*, which promptly became a hit!

If someone had told the peasant child that her stammered words would have such far-flung results, she would have been as staggered perhaps as by the vision itself. Fátima is a scrawny collection of cottages, gleaming whitely in the sun. Around the village lie steep hills. Here, 100 miles north of Lisbon, the peasants follow a way of life almost medieval in simplicity.

But on the 12th of every month, from May through October, the quiet countryside is invaded by an army whose recruits come from San Francisco, Capetown, and all points between. The narrow roads are jammed with traffic. Taxis and private cars crawl behind donkey carts and wagons. Thousands of sober-faced Portuguese trudge on foot, shielding themselves from the sun with umbrellas.

Progress is maddeningly slow, but no one complains. Slowest of all is the occasional woman by the side of the road, walking the last eight miles on her knees in agony as penance, while anxious relatives hover near-by. Past the olive groves, the stony hills, up and over moves the quiet stream. Finally it pours over the last hill into a valley known as the Cova da Iria.

The valley floor has been paved with macadam to form a huge assembly ground, nearly half a mile long. At the bottom there rises a mighty flight of steps, surmounted by a gleaming white church. To right and left are two sprawling hospitals where hundreds of sick pilgrims take refuge overnight or receive emergency treatment.

Also on the left stands a tiny chapel big enough for only three worshipers at a time. This marks the site of the little tree on which the shepherd girl and two of her playmates said they saw the vision of the Virgin Mary appear six times during 1917.

The winding stream of pilgrims gradually fills up the mighty macadam plain. By night, many thousands of people pray and sing. Over a loudspeaker a priest intones prayers in sibilant Portuguese, while voices murmur in response. Thousands of candles waver and ripple throughout the valley, while a procession winds its way back and forth through the crowd.

In the middle of the night, the priests celebrate a mass in front of the basilica; their voices are carried over loudspeakers. By 4 A.M. communion is being given, and lasts many hours. The sun rises and bakes out dew-soaked clothing. By mid-morning the huge throng, nearing the end of its vigil, is bedraggled and wrinkled, but cheerful.

Now a little statue of Our Lady of Fátima is removed from the tiny chapel and paraded to the steps of the basilica, for the whole crowd to see. Thousands of people wave white handkerchiefs as the statue moves up the steps.

At the midnight mass, a special

blessing is said for the sick, who have been assembled in chairs and stretchers up front. As the words of benediction end, it is not unusual to hear several invalids cry out, "I am cured!" The basilica bell tolls noon, and the ceremonies are over.

THE SHRINE AT FÁTIMA has become a great European phenomenon. Yet back in 1916 the farm village was like any other in Portugal, and the Cova da Iria was a nondescript valley used mainly for grazing.

Lucy dos Santos, a plump and rather homely village girl, was playing in a cave with two younger cousins, Francisco and Jacinta, while their sheep grazed outside.

As Lucy later told the story, they suddenly heard a violent wind. Then a bright light appeared near the mouth of the cave, and slowly turned into the shape of a resplendent young man. He told the petrified children not to be afraid.

"I am the Angel of Peace," he said. "Pray with me." He taught them a new prayer, then vanished.

Twice more that year he appeared, telling them of the world's evil, of its need to make reparation to God. The children never told anyone of these visions, and Lucy, today the sole survivor of the three, revealed them only many years after having told about her later and more important visions.

On May 13, 1917, almost in the same spot, the children were again tending their flocks on a fine day when they saw a flash of lightning. Expecting a storm, they ran under a tree to keep dry, but a more brilliant flash appeared near-by, settled above the branches of a little tree, and turned into a vision of a beau-

tiful lady dressed in white. They stood looking in amazement. Finally Lucy mustered courage.

"Where do you come from?" she asked the vision.

"I come from heaven," Lucy heard the vision answer. "I want you children to come here on the thirteenth of each month at the same hour. In October I shall tell you who I am and what I want you to do." Then she glided away and melted into the sunlight.

The three children agreed to keep the event a secret, but that night Jacinta blurted out the story at home. "What nonsense!" her mother said. But the good woman repeated the story herself, and it went through the village like wildfire.

No one believed it, of course, and Lucy—the obvious ringleader—got a good beating.

Next month the three children went back at the same time. About 60 curious people loitered near-by in the stone-strewn valley. At noon they heard Lucy cry, "She is coming!" Then the children knelt before the same tree, and after a while Lucy spoke to the empty air. From her words, she was learning another prayer and being told that Francisco and Jacinta would soon die. Then the child stood up.

"There she goes!" she cried, pointing east. The crowd looked intently, but saw nothing.

Each time the children went back they were told more about the nature of the world's evil, and the prayers and penance required to set things right. Each month the crowd which assembled to watch grew larger. Few believed in the vision, and Lucy asked the lady for a miracle to prove her reality.

"In October I will tell you who I am," came the reply, "and will work a miracle so great that all will believe in the reality of the apparitions."

Then the crowd saw the children staring at the ground in horror. They were seeing a vision of hell—the traditional sea of fire, with burning souls and devils tossing upon it. Then they looked up again, and heard the lady tell them of the coming end of World War I, and of a second world war that would break out years later in the pontificate of Pius XI, heralded by a great light in the night sky.

(On January 25, 1938, there was an unusual display of aurora borealis over much of Europe. Although the invasion of Poland came after the reign of Pius XI, Hitler's annexation of Austria was within his reign, and could be called the first warlike act of World War II.)

It was on this same occasion, in July, 1917, that the prediction about Russia was handed down. Recording it later, Lucy quoted the apparition as saying: "I come to ask the consecration of Russia. If they (the people of the world) listen to my requests, Russia will be converted and there will be peace. If not, she will scatter her errors through the world, provoking wars and persecutions of the Church."

On October 13th, with a miracle promised, a crowd of 70,000 people from many miles about gathered in the Cova da Iria. The children stayed near the tree, and at noon Lucy again cried out: "She is coming!" Those who stood near saw the children staring at the top of the little tree, transfigured.

From Lucy's piping words, one

could guess that she was hearing the lady urging the people of the world to amend their lives and cease offending the Lord. The vision identified herself as "The Lady of the Rosary." Then the children seemed to follow the flight of something towards the sun, which had broken through showering clouds.

At that moment, according to hundreds of recorded witnesses, including doctors, journalists, and businessmen, the sun grew easy to look at, though there were no clouds. Rays of multicolored light shot out in all directions. Then the sun spun on its axis three times, and seemed to lurch and fall towards the earth, while the crowd screamed in terror. In a moment it paused, staggered back to its place, and assumed its normal brilliance.

Some people doubt that the sun actually "spun" or "fell." But the fact remains that something happened, causing thousands of people to imagine they saw such fantastic motions. A doubting mind would say mass hypnosis, wishful thinking, or coincidence. A believing mind would say that God stopped the shower, parted the clouds, and instilled a sense of wonder in the observers. So many of them reported the "Miracle of the Sun" that Fátima became an article of faith throughout Portugal, long before winning Church approval.

WITHIN A FEW YEARS, Francisco and Jacinta died of influenza. Lucy, now a celebrity, was sent away for her own good to a Catholic girls' school many miles away. In constant contact with the Bishop of Leiria, she submitted to the cross-examination of church investiga-

tors many times. When she was 18, she entered a convent just across the Spanish border and remained there for many years.

In 1948, she entered the Carmelite Order in Coimbra, Portugal. There she lives today, cut off from the world, a plain-looking woman of 44 who believes that she has spoken with divinity, face to face. One final prediction that she heard from the Virgin is written, sealed, and in the possession of the Bishop of Leiria. It will not be opened until 1960.

An ecclesiastical investigation of Lucy's claims lasted 13 years. The Catholic Church accepted her visions as authentic by 1930. From then on, the international fame of Fátima grew steadily. But despite the village's growth, pilgrims today can still find the wrinkled parents of Francisco and Jacinta living in a tiny cottage. Down the dusty road, Lucy's sister, a plump woman named Maria Valinho, lives in the house Lucy was born in, and tends

her chickens and animals like any other Portuguese countrywoman.

As at Lourdes and other famous shrines, thousands of sick people have come to Fátima hoping to be cured by a benediction, and hundreds have claimed such cures. Hanging from the rafters of the tiny chapel is a large bundle of weathered crutches, left by those who were able to walk away. Church officials, however, have been very cautious, and thus far only a few cures have been listed as miraculous.

The story of Fátima is not easy to explain. To devout Catholics the village is a place of miracles. To the less literal, it is primarily a message—that Soviet Russia can be won over, and peace assured, by the world's return to a higher morality and a deeper faith. To the frankly skeptical, it is at the very least an imposing phenomenon—a huge flowering of faith that demonstrates the great desire of people everywhere for peace on earth and good will to men.



Cartoon Quotes

Young man to phrenologist: "I'm getting married, and would like to have my head examined!"

—*Swing*

Young lady driver presenting parking ticket at police station: "Did one of your men lose this? I found it on my windshield!"

—*American Legion Magazine*

Personnel manager consulting young job applicant's references: "Your mother seems to think very highly of you, Mr. Hendricks—do you have anything from former employers?"

Wife to harassed husband: "Why are you complaining? That checking account is my only extravagance!"

—*Wall Street Journal*

Lady customer to book-store clerk: "I'm looking for something light to read during television commercials."

—*CORKA (New York Times Book Review)*

Rackets

From Door to Door



by FRANK BROCK and HENRY LEE

Watch out for the slick swindlers who reap a golden harvest with their fast talk

IN THESE DAYS of war talk and soaring prices, the biggest, meanest gyps in the U.S. are the doorbell swindlers out to get *your* dollar. By the thousands, they work through the country, sooner or later hitting every town and city. And compared to the pre-World War II swindlers who operated with a simple, foot-in-the-door technique, they are infinitely more dangerous and clever.

But, if you know their rackets, you can save yourself from \$1 to \$100 whenever one of these phonies presents himself. Here, in their own language, are the pitch and pay-off of the 12 commonest rackets being worked today:

1. "Madame, I'm not here to sell you anything! We are merely conducting a survey of listeners' preferences in radio programs, and we want *your* help. Each month we will send you a query. In return for your cooperation in answering, we

will practically give you a set of encyclopedias. I don't have to tell you that if you were to buy this set, it would cost you at least \$100.

"Oh, just for good faith, I do need a small deposit of \$2, and when you can, send along \$2 with the answer to the query. (Just sign here, please.) But take as long as you want—the query answers are what we are really interested in."

Don't sign that paper, lady! This man is selling encyclopedias and nothing else. Use of this "survey" approach to get you to sign an innocent-seeming paper—which really is a firm contract—is known admiringly in swindling circles as "the golden gimmick."

2. Under no circumstances entrust your new radio, vacuum cleaner, or other portable household equipment to the honest-faced fellow who explains the store "made a mistake" and sent you a cheaper

type than you ordered. He doesn't represent the store at all, and you'll never get your equipment back.

3. Perhaps it sounds unneighborly, but when the "delivery man" asks you to pay the charges on a parcel for the next-door lady who is out, don't do it—unless she has asked you to. She may not have ordered the merchandise, and whatever you find in the professionally tied surprise package, it won't be worth the \$5.98 in charges.

4. The first principle of the quick swindle is that a good pitch never dies. Once, "hot" furs, perfumes "right off the boat," "handmade" Irish laces "smuggled" across the border from Canada were offered at "sacrifice" prices.

In recent years, this swindle has been refined. One doorbell man displayed sheets and pillowcases of a well-known brand, explaining that they had been recovered from a train wreck and were being unloaded by "a railroad salvage company." He collected 10 per cent deposits—and went away. *Be on your guard against "bargain" merchandise, whatever the glib explanation for the low price.* You will either buy junk at a high price, or the merchandise will never arrive.

5. What's that terrible smashing and crashing noise down cellar? Why, the bargain-rate company is cleaning the furnace. Then the firm's heating engineer arrives to double check the work.

After a brief conference with his foreman, he sympathetically tells you that the furnace is damaged beyond repair. Quickly he wants to sell you an entire new furnace, and when you protest that it worked perfectly until his men attacked it,

he tells his crew to pack up tools and go on to the next job.

Let him go! Even if parts are scattered all over the cellar, an ethical furnace man can put them together again for a good deal less than a new furnace would cost.

6. "Mrs. Jones down the block told us about your really lovely baby, and to us he sounds like an ideal prospect for that wonderful national baby-photo contest. You must have heard about it. There are big money prizes and maybe a chance to have an important Hollywood producer discover your child. Just think of it!"

This operator even gives you a Hollywood address for his studio (which is a phony). Remember, he is *not* promoting talent; he is selling photographs.

7. "Blooded" puppies bought from itinerants, with the promise that an official pedigree will be forwarded by mail, are a cute but unpromising investment. The pedigree never arrives, and a mutt is a mutt. The same need for caution applies to any animals or birds sold door-to-door. Recently, a number of racketeers in the Houston and San Antonio area unloaded hundreds of baby-chick pullets at 25 cents apiece. The cute chicks turned out to be unwanted cockerels.

8. When "inspectors," traveling "repairmen," or "service crews" purport to represent well-known manufacturers of carpet sweepers, vacuum cleaners, and other household equipment, check immediately with the local offices of the company. The odds are 100 to 1 that these people, not connected with the company at all, want to high-pressure you into costly, unneces-

sary repairs or the purchase of use-less gadgets.

9. "Mind if we just look at your house foundations for a moment, lady? We're scientific termite exterminators. Oh-oh . . . This is bad! See where they're boring in? Unless you do something right away, your home will be eaten out from under you. Now we can kill them with our special spray. Won't disturb you in the least."

That's right—until you get their bill for 70 gallons of "spray" at \$5 a gallon. If you do have termites, your problem still is unsolved, for the high-priced preparations are usually ineffective.

10. Now that crisis days have returned, be on the lookout for soap salesladies who tell you their product is going to be rationed and then give you an eye-opening demonstration of their particular ware.

These saleswomen rub some paste soap on woodwork or other surfaces, and the mixture cleans and brightens the dull wood. Of course, you will observe that the ladies close their spiels quickly—before the spot dulls again.

11. It's difficult to believe that the book salesman who "volunteers" time to help the fund-raising of your favorite political party, or

the extract peddlers who are "giving their proceeds" to worthy civic, religious, or fraternal groups, aren't quite what they seem. But, alas, that is the fact.

All over the country, promoters have wangled endorsements from gullible legitimate organizations—which may wind up with as little as 10 per cent of the take. In any appeal to buy because "a worthy cause" is involved, investigate first!

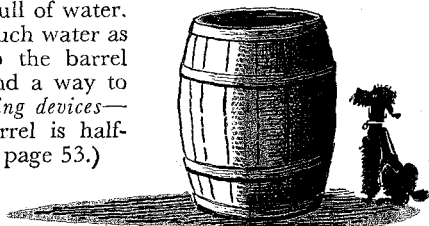
12. When a workman offers you a bargain on lumber, linoleum, or other products "left over from the job down the street and not worth our trouble to take back to the shop," politely shut the door.

NOW YOU ASK, "Aren't there *any* honest door-to-door salesmen?" Of course! Fuller Brush and Real Silk, for example, have outstanding reputations for ethical dealings. Magazine publishers have a protective system covering subscription solicitations which has discouraged fakers from working in this field.

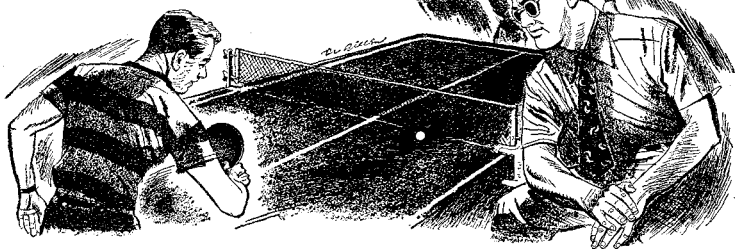
Any time you think there is a gyp at the door, a phone call to your local BBB, Chamber of Commerce, or the police is indicated. After all, only the American housewife can make doorbell racketeering discouragingly unprofitable.

Roll Out the Barrel!

The barrel you see here is full of water. Your job is to take out as much water as necessary in order to keep the barrel *exactly* half-full. Can you find a way to determine—*without measuring devices*—whether and when the barrel is half-filled? (Look for solution on page 53.)



HE KEEPS SCORE BY Sound



by EDGAR WILLIAMS

Chuck Medick is a referee—and one of the best—though he's been blind since infancy

ONE NIGHT DURING an important table-tennis match in Philadelphia, a spectator with the vocal equipment of a police siren and no regard for etiquette shouted at the referee: "You missed that one! You must be blind!"

Later, the official was asked whether he resented the remark. "Oh, no," he grinned. "I'll bet that fellow has been making cracks like that at sports officials all his life. Tonight was probably the first time he even told half the truth."

The referee was Charles Medick, generally acknowledged as the foremost official in American table tennis. He is totally blind.

In the last four years, "Chuck" Medick has refereed most of the major tournaments in the U. S. and Canada. Top-flight players call him the closest thing there is to a perfect official.

How can a man who has been sightless since infancy call the shots in one of the most exacting of all

sports? "Simple," says 29-year-old Medick. "I sit beside the table at the net and follow the ball with my ears, just as sighted people follow it with their eyes. There's a solid crack when the ball strikes the table and a click when it nicks the edge. I can't describe the sound of the ball hitting the net, but I can detect it."

What really leaves the spectators wide-eyed is Chuck's ability to make an accurate call on a ball that strikes the top of the net, seems to cling there for a split second, then falls on either side. He can't tell you how he calls such a shot.

"Perhaps it's timing," he says. "Whatever it is, I just know on which side the ball drops."

A native of Columbus, Ohio, Medick became a table-tennis referee in 1947 as the result of a friendly wager. Then a student at Western Reserve University in Cleveland, he entered a campus recreation room one day while a match was in prog-

ress. "I sat and listened to the click-click of the ball hitting the table and the paddles, and I found I could follow it," he explains. "So I asked to referee. One of the players laughed.

"I asked him to tell me the rules and give me ten minutes to study them, and said I'd bet him a pint of ice cream I could do it. Well, I like ice cream and I certainly enjoyed the pint that chap had to buy for me."

Before long, Medick was refereeing in intercity tournaments; and in April, 1947, he was selected by the U. S. Table Tennis Association to officiate at the national championships in Chicago.

He sometimes finds it difficult to rule in doubles whether a serve hits on the proper side of the line dividing the courts. "Now and then I make a bad call," he admits. "But the players cooperate with me."

A six-foot, 201 pounder with thinning blond hair, Medick works in the X-ray darkroom in a Cleveland hospital, and travels about the country at his own expense to fulfill refereeing assignments. He has been blind since early infancy, but this has not diminished his capacity for fun nor has it dulled his enthusiasm for sports.

At Ohio State School for the Blind in Columbus, he was a member of the track team, running the 440-yard dash in competition with other blind students. A good swimmer since early boyhood, he finished second in the 100-yard freestyle event at the state Y.M.C.A. meet. Medick has been an official scorer for one of the city's softball leagues and can mark down hits and errors.

"Here, again, it's a matter of sound," he explains. "I can tell where a ball is hit, how hard it is hit, and whether or not a fielder handles it cleanly."

Chuck gets about alone. He has never considered using a Seeing-Eye dog because he fears that, if he had one, he would lose some degree of self-confidence.

He is a bachelor and intends to remain one, explaining: "There are still many places in this world I want to see. If I tied myself down, I might never get to see them."

Medick has only one major peeve: people who regard him as unusual. "It burns me up," he declares, "when they ask me if I don't think I've been deprived of a lot. My answer is: definitely not! I just want to be active and do things like everyone else!"

Sidewalk Standoff



A MAN AND WOMAN trying to pass each other on the street got into one of those situations where every time they moved right or left, they wound up confronting each other. They were working out a smart little dance routine when the man finally stopped, tipped his hat, and said, "Madam, if you'll just stand perfectly still, I'll jump over you."

—DAVE GARROWAY

We Conquer the Sky

Illustrated by FRANCIS CHASE

MANKIND HAS LEARNED to accept electronics and atomic energy as part of modern life, but, to most Americans, the Air Age remains a thing of wonder and mystery. The sound of a roaring plane, a mile up, still draws eyes skyward, and the sight of it, rushing towards the horizon, fills men with the urge to follow it in soaring flight. Even when it is standing idle on an air strip, a plane retains its magic, and it seems like a giant, majestic bird

that any minute will race away to the stars. Thundering through the sky, jet planes can outrace their own sound. We know that roaring sky liners can carry us across the continent in a few fleeting hours, yet the thrill of such a flight never fades into the commonplace. In these pages is preserved the story of the men and machines that fashioned the Air Age for us, loosed our earthly bonds, and gave us a smaller and more closely knit world.



DAEDALUS: *"If the Birds Can Fly . . ."*

FROM HIS PRISON WINDOW, the sculptor Daedalus gazed moodily at a flight of graceful gulls. People called him a visionary, and perhaps he was. He was dreaming of doing what no mortal had ever done: flying like the birds. And one day he stopped dreaming. From gull feathers he fashioned two sets of wings. With beeswax, he fastened them first to the shoulders of his son, Icarus, then to his own. By the dawn's light, the two leaped into

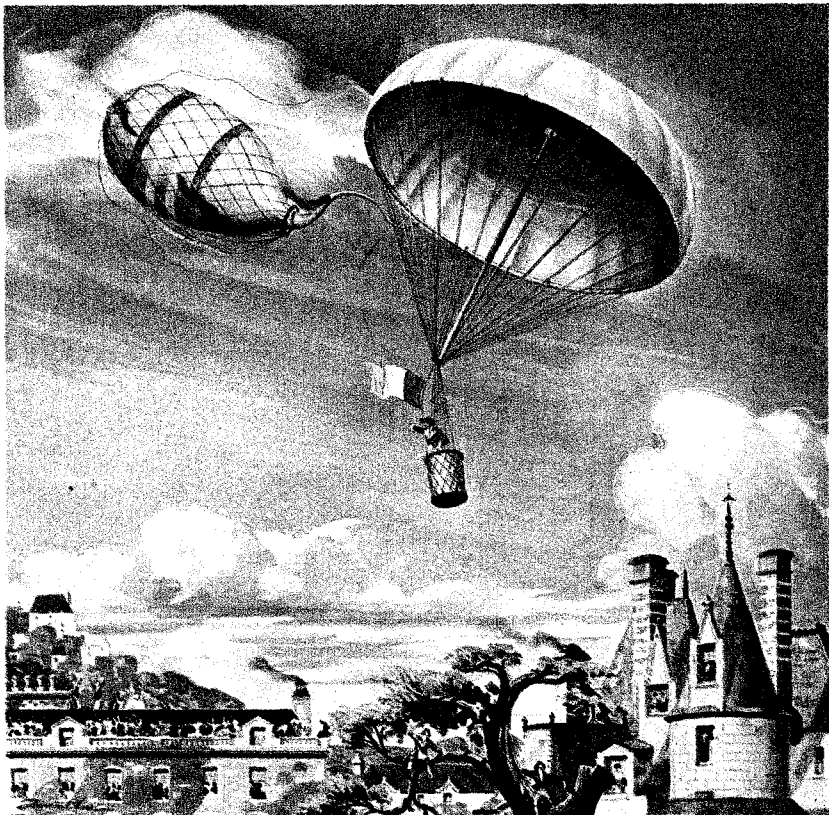
the sky and were aloft. Success attended this first flight to freedom, but tragedy rode the sky too. The boy, enraptured by his new-found power, soared closer to the sun. "Stop!" cried Daedalus, but Icarus did not hear. Heat began to melt the wax. With a rush, the man-made wings tore off and Daedalus was alone in the heavens. His story, of course, is a legend; but its spirit of daring and sacrifice is faithful to the best traditions of the sky.



PILÂTRE DE ROZIER: *"It's Flying Away"*

IN A FIELD near Gonesse, a farmer stared mutely at the globular bird that had floated out of the sky. Galvanized by fear, he plunged a pitchfork into the monster's silklike side and so destroyed one of history's first free-flying balloons. But it was 1783 and a young scientist named Pilâtre de Rozier was preparing for an even more daring experiment. It was bitterly cold on November 21, but a huge crowd gathered in the Bois de Boulogne.

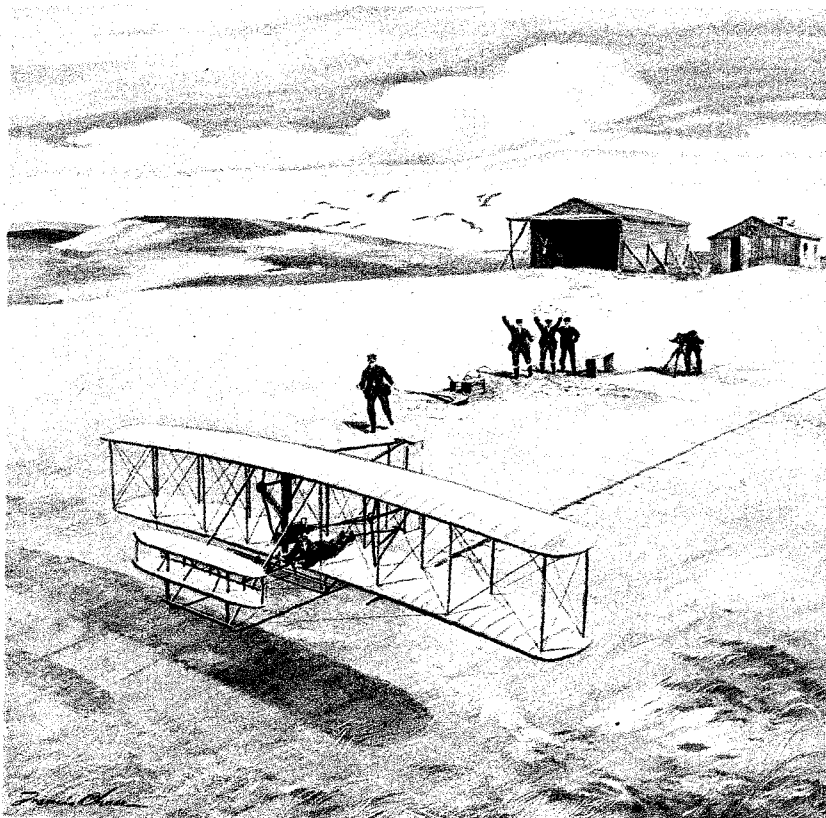
Fire was put to a bundle of straw. The heated air filled out a festive balloon. Then, as spectators held their breath, the scientist and a young nobleman stepped into the undercarriage. The ropes were released and the balloon wafted skyward. It grew smaller and smaller as it drifted before the wind. Some 23 minutes later it came to rest in a meadow. Out stepped the jubilant de Rozier and the shaken Marquis —history's first air passengers.



ANDRÉ GARNERIN: *"He Will Jump to Earth!"*

THE ROOF TOPS of Paris were black with humanity; all eyes turned skyward. A madman named André Garnerin had announced that he would leap 2,000 feet in something called a parachute. Aerial balloons had become something of a commonplace by 1797, but even the fliers had more sense than to jump out of them. Suddenly a buzz swept the city: Garnerin's balloon was rising. Below it, an umbrellalike contraption swung back and forth.

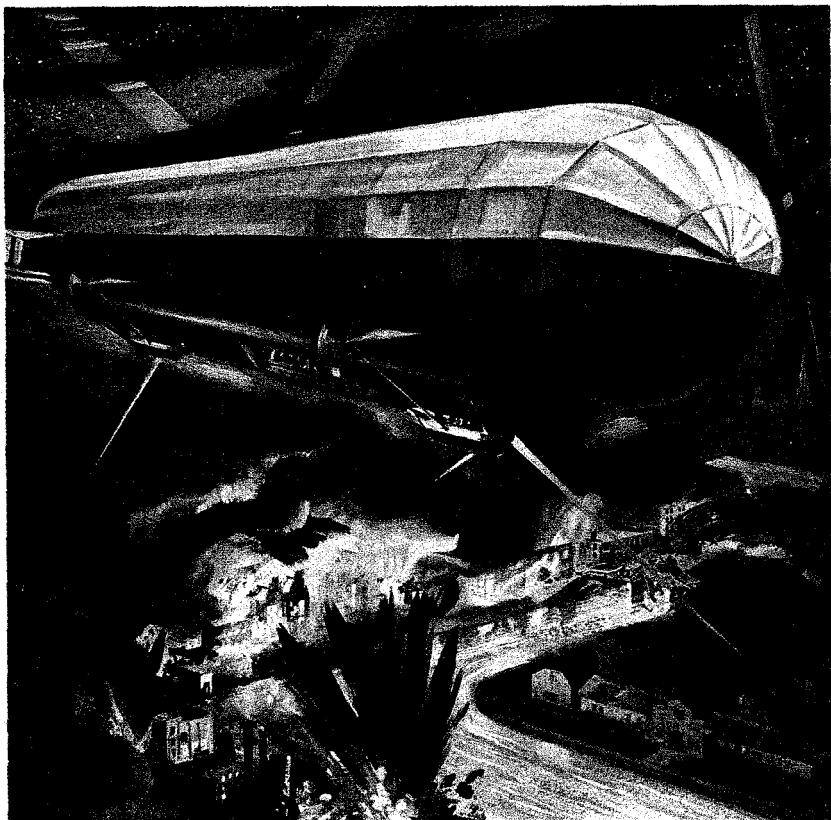
When the balloon had all but vanished, the umbrella began to fall. Women gasped and men paled. Soon the tiny figure of a man could be seen, holding fast to the sides of a wicker basket. But the parachute wasn't falling freely. It seemed, instead, to drift down and, seconds later, it gently touched earth. A cheering crowd hoisted Garnerin to their shoulders. The "madman" had become the world's first parachutist—and a national hero.



THE WRIGHTS: *“Success, Four Flights”*

IN THE BEGINNING, everything went wrong. But Wilbur and Orville Wright refused to leave the camp they had built on the sands of Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. They had come here to fly an aeroplane and they would remain until they did. Their determination was backed by years of experiment with airfoil shapes, structures, wind tunnels. On a blustery morning in 1903, they carried their frail craft to the slope of a hill. As Wilbur lay prone

on the lower wing, Orville ran alongside, steadying the ship. But soon he found that he couldn't keep up: the plane was rising! Seconds later, it hit the dunes. Wilbur crawled out, safe and elated. The Wrights had flown history's first heavier-than-air machine! Four times that historic day of December 17, the flying machine raced over the dunes. That night, the brothers wired their father: “Success four flights . . . Inform press.”



FERDINAND VON ZEPPELIN: *Bombs Away*

COUNT FERDINAND von Zeppelin gazed at his airship, a cigarlike craft of aluminum and cotton fabric. He was well satisfied with the first rigid balloon, and worked indefatigably to improve it. Other models were built; they flew faster, farther, more steadily. When World War I began, the Germans lost little time in giving the Zeppelins their baptism of fire. January 19, 1915, was a damp and cloudy night over the English coast. Few villagers even

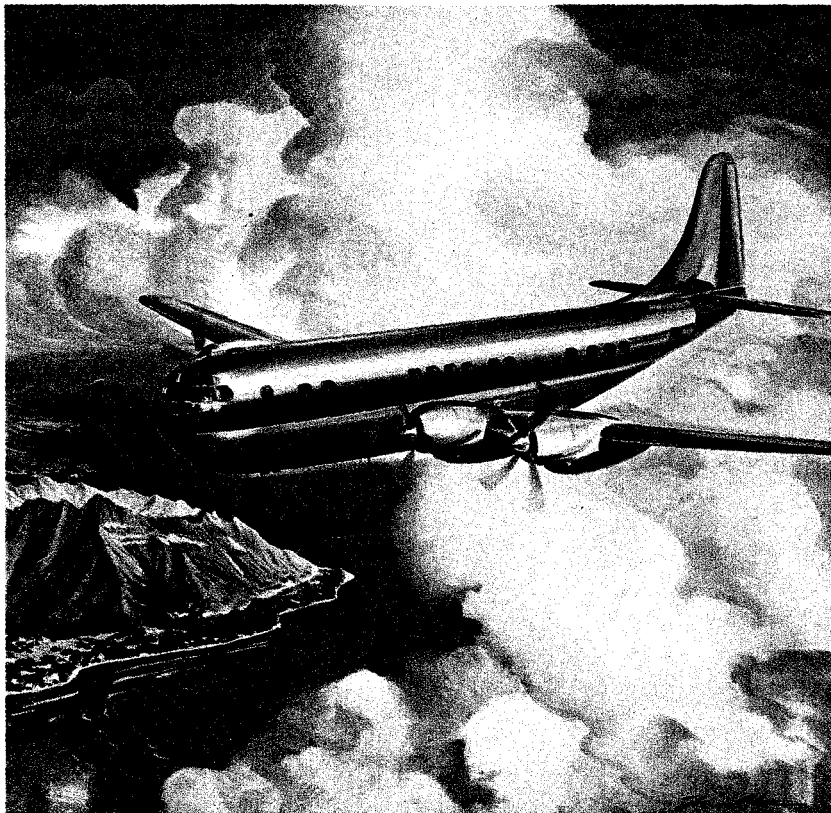
heard the drone of engines. With the bombs came panic. Fear of death from the skies struck all England. More raids followed. Londoners and villagers alike came to recognize that distant drone, the shrill whistle of falling bombs, to dread the shattering detonations. Many airships fell to quickly organized ground batteries. Others were lost to air interceptors. But the ungainly creations of a retired German officer heralded a new way of war.



HELICOPTER: *"It's Standing Still!"*

THE SEA PITCHED violently; churning water washed over the men on the raft. Once, a destroyer loomed in the distance, and one airman said bitterly; "So near, and yet so far!" They all knew that no ship could launch a boat on that heaving sea. So they sat and prayed and waited. Then a strange sound came from above. They scanned the sky, but not until the helicopter was 20 feet overhead did they see it; it had come straight down. "Look,"

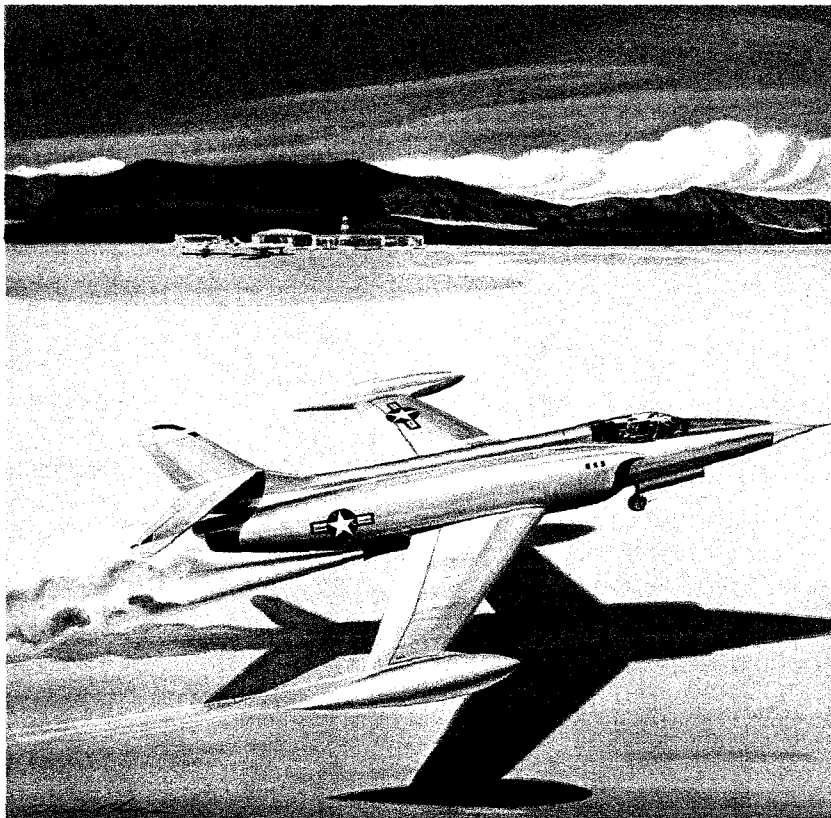
said one awe-struck man, "it's standing still!" Whatever it was, the rope it dropped spelled safety and the fliers clambered aboard, among the first of the downed airmen in World War II to be plucked from the sea by wingless craft. Years of experiment with planes that could rise and descend vertically were paying rich dividends. And, with peace, came the hope that "a plane in every garage" might some day be more than a dream.



STRATOCRUISER: *Higher, Farther, Faster*

WORLD WAR I PILOTS, having fought German Fokkers as well as the weather, faced the mail run with equanimity. New Yorkers marveled when letters mailed in San Francisco reached them in two days. Headlines began to herald air exploits: *Lindbergh Flies Atlantic; Hawks Shatters Transcontinental Record*. America was becoming air-minded. Planes passed from the open-cockpit stage to sleek cabin craft. At the end of World War II,

trunk and feeder lines blanketed the nation; commercial planes spanned the oceans. In one fantastic year, U.S. air lines flew more than 11,000,000,000 revenue passenger miles! Great stratocruisers flew higher and farther and faster. Thousands of feet above the clouds, their pressurized cabins and luxurious fittings made passengers as comfortable as they might be in their living rooms. Stratosphere-high, America was in the Air Age.



JETS: *Airacomets and Shooting Stars*

SUDDENLY, the Air Force testing base at Muroc Lake, California, was alive with G-men and high brass. Focal point of all conjecture was a heavily guarded hangar, behind whose walls experts worked on the "Thing." Then, on a fall day in 1942, they wheeled the "Thing" out. Except that it had no propeller, it was an airplane. The engine roared and flame blasted out of the hollow tail. The plane moved, then darted down the strip.

Heads of watchers spun as though mounted on pivots. If they looked where they seemed to hear the engine sound, it was gone. To veteran airmen, that meant only one thing: the U.S. had developed a jet-propelled plane that would fly faster than sound! By war's end, America had the *Airacomet* and the *Shooting Star*. In Korea, they would outfly the best the enemy had to offer, and prove themselves a top weapon in America's expanding defenses.



How to Enjoy Your Job

by NORMAN CARLISLE

You can find real satisfaction in your work by following these common-sense rules

WHEN POLLSTER ELMO ROPER conducted a survey among thousands of workers to find out if they were happy in their jobs, he got a jolting answer: only half the people interviewed thought their jobs interesting and enjoyable.

In many cases the explanation was simple enough: the dissatisfied workers were simply in the wrong jobs. But millions of Americans *could* find happiness in their present work—they just haven't learned how.

If you have a job that you are not enjoying and cannot leave, you don't have to resign yourself to a dreary future. Take the advice of personnel experts who have been trying to find the secrets of job satisfaction, and you may transform your job. Here are the basic rules to follow:

1. *Get along better with fellow employees.* Happiness is impossible if you aren't friendly with your co-workers. You'll also be missing one of the greatest joys of working—the chance for pleasant, satisfying human relationships.

The Harvard Graduate School of Business carried out an experiment in a Western Electric plant. Five girls were assigned to a separate room, where they carried out their usual assembly operations under all sorts of controlled conditions: special lighting, different temperatures, longer lunch and rest periods, and easier hours. Production soared—as might have been expected.

Then the researchers took away all the special advantages, and subjected the girls to conditions just like those prior to the experiment. Astonishingly, production did not drop. The flabbergasted investigators found the explanation in human relationships. The first two girls chosen for the experiment had been allowed to pick other workers they liked to join them. Their friendly cooperation was really responsible for their stepped-up production.

To get along more easily with your fellow employees, the rules are simple. First, become better acquainted with the people you work with. Then join in employee activi-

ties. One man who disliked his job complained to a counselor. "What hobbies do you have?" the adviser asked. When the man told him about his home workshop, he was put in touch with three other employees who had the same hobby. They took to meeting regularly, and before long the complainer liked his job so much that he refused an offer from another firm at more money.

A lonely young bookkeeper in a big office found happiness in a company dramatics group which presented a semiannual play. A group of engineers working in a Michigan industrial firm found that friction was developing over disagreements about work. They organized a ball team and challenged the plant team to a series. Though the engineers lost most of the games, they developed a new spirit of teamwork.

"This spirit of teamwork is vital to employee morale," says Leonard Snider. As head of Chicago's Boulevard Employment Service, one of the largest such agencies in the U.S., he has found jobs for thousands of workers. "When there is team spirit," says Snider, "people generally settle down permanently; when that is lacking, they are soon looking for other jobs."

2. *Improve relations with your boss.*
Ask yourself these questions:

Do you resent taking his orders?

Do you tend to bypass him?

Do you get emotional in thinking or talking about him?

Do you envy him?

Do you dislike him for purely personal reasons?

Do you keep him in the dark as much as possible?

Are you afraid of him?

If you have to answer "yes" to

most of these questions, you are certainly not enjoying your job!

Of course, psychologists say that we all have a certain amount of natural resentment toward a boss. So if you're unhappy about your superior, suspect yourself first. Remember, your boss is human, too. He makes mistakes, he fails to offer praise when he should. But he has more work problems on his mind than you have. With rare exceptions, a boss *wants* you to succeed, because this offers evidence that *he* is doing a good job.

There is nothing so essential to satisfying work as happy relations with your superiors. General Motors had firsthand proof of that when its employees were asked to write letters on "my job and why I like it." One of the prize-winning answers, among the 175,000 replies, was: "Because I like my boss."

3. *Don't mix personal troubles with your work.* Try to keep from blaming your job for troubles you brought along from home. A man whose work in a Chicago firm began to fall off blamed the supervisor for being against him. He talked to a personnel official about it, complaining about a number of things. The discussion revealed he was really troubled as to whether he was earning enough money to get married, and worried because his fiancée wanted him to move back to her Minnesota home.

An office manager was worrying about his son, who had gotten into a scrape with the law. Soon he started criticizing people in his department. The atmosphere became so bad that he found himself hating to go to work, because he felt the workers disliked him for being crit-

ical. By the time he talked to a counselor, he announced that he "hated his job."

The important thing is not to make a personal or home problem a *job* problem. That just confuses the issue, brings you no closer to solving your difficulties, and may cause so much trouble on your job that some of the problems you have imagined there really come to pass.

4. *Take pride in your job.* If you really hope to enjoy your job, you must take pride in your work. You must find in it deep values and satisfactions, stemming only from the feeling that what you are doing is worth while, that it contributes to the welfare and happiness of others.

In a New York advertising agency, two men occupy adjoining offices. Both are well-paid copywriters. One is unhappy because he feels that advertising has little value beyond its capacity to sell goods. The other man is happy because he believes that advertising is the key to the successful operation of our American system, and he is proud to be playing a part in making it work better.

Perhaps one of the best ways to find pride in your work is to put something of yourself into it. In other words, do a little more than you absolutely have to. When you do something extra connected with

your work, you earn a wonderful feeling of independence, for here is something that is all yours.

Nobody can tell you what the extra should be—it will arise from your own personality and your own job situation. Many times it can take the form of a little human touch that gains in warmth because it is obvious you have nothing material in mind. Such was the case in which an employee working on a cold cement floor in a factory turned out special platforms for fellow employees to stand on, so their feet stayed warm.

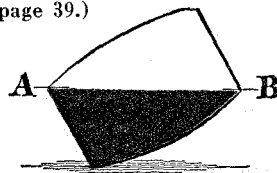
In another company which did business by mail, a clerk started keeping a file of unusual human-interest letters, which she later turned over to the advertising department. A young executive for a manufacturing concern ran a visitors' bureau for people who wanted to visit the plant. A clerk in a supermarket liked to draw and began to make display signs during slack time. They soon became an asset to the store; customers came in to look at his cartooned posters.

There is no joy in just getting by on your job—doing as little as you can. There is a lot of pleasure in doing more than you have to. "And whosoever shall compel you to go a mile, go with him twain," says the Bible wisely.

Roll Out the Barrel!

(Solution to puzzle on page 39.)

Tilt the barrel steadily until so much water has run out that the bottom edge comes into sight at Point A. As soon as the water level stands at A-B, the barrel will be exactly half-full.



THE MAN WHO GAVE

by ARTHUR PEARLROTH

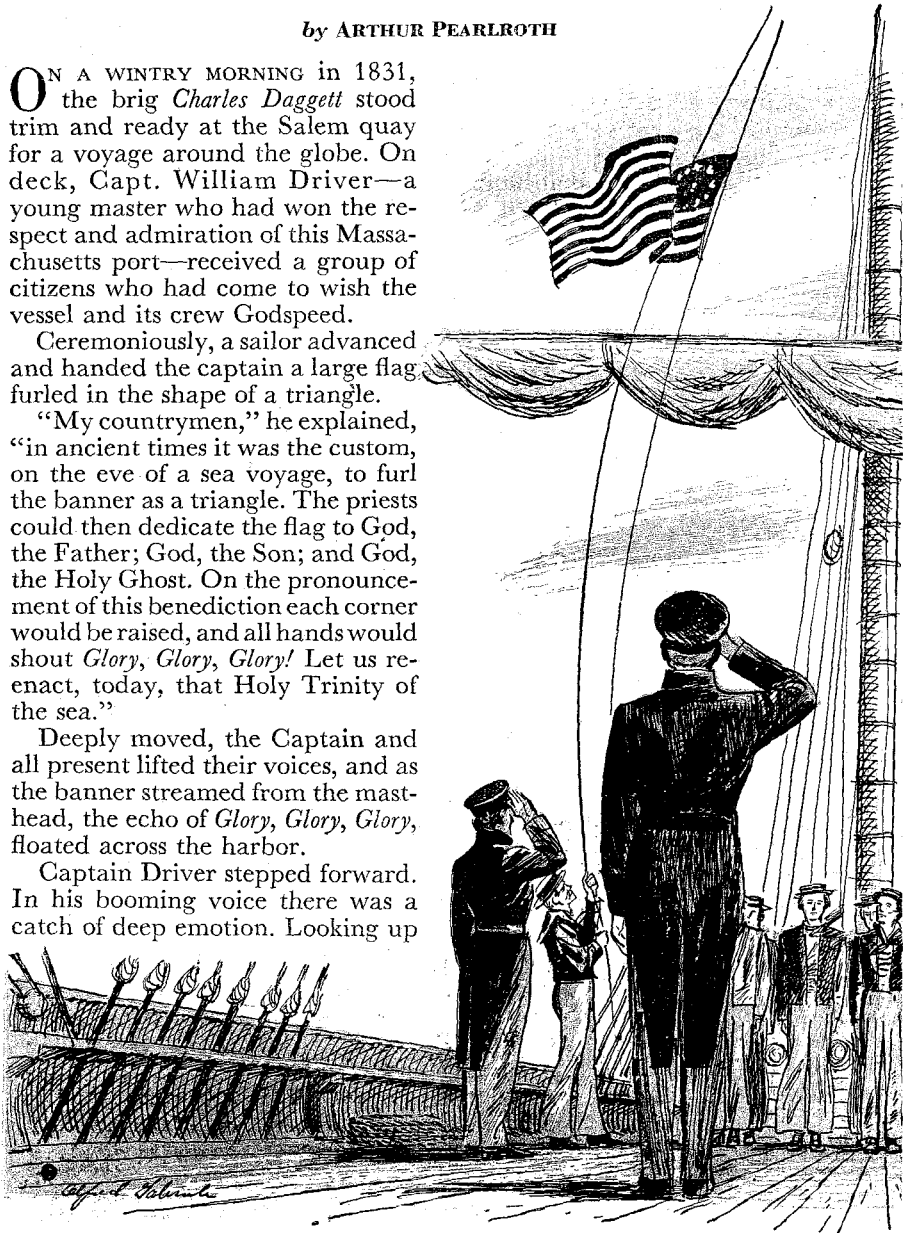
ON A WINTRY MORNING in 1831, the brig *Charles Daggett* stood trim and ready at the Salem quay for a voyage around the globe. On deck, Capt. William Driver—a young master who had won the respect and admiration of this Massachusetts port—received a group of citizens who had come to wish the vessel and its crew Godspeed.

Ceremoniously, a sailor advanced and handed the captain a large flag furled in the shape of a triangle.

"My countrymen," he explained, "in ancient times it was the custom, on the eve of a sea voyage, to furl the banner as a triangle. The priests could then dedicate the flag to God, the Father; God, the Son; and God, the Holy Ghost. On the pronouncement of this benediction each corner would be raised, and all hands would shout *Glory, Glory, Glory!* Let us reenact, today, that Holy Trinity of the sea."

Deeply moved, the Captain and all present lifted their voices, and as the banner streamed from the masthead, the echo of *Glory, Glory, Glory*, floated across the harbor.

Captain Driver stepped forward. In his booming voice there was a catch of deep emotion. Looking up



US "OLD GLORY"

to the proud flag, he said, "And to thee, the finest banner of them all—let me call thee 'Old Glory.' Hurrah for Old Glory!"

Driver never forgot that blustery February day. And when he retired from the sea in 1837 to Nashville, Tennessee, he took Old Glory with him. Each Washington's birthday, Fourth of July, and his own birthday, he broke its fading colors over his home. Soon, the whole countryside knew of the tattered flag, and everyone referred to it affectionately as Old Glory.

The outbreak of the Civil War interrupted the custom. Deep in Confederate territory Driver wisely hid Old Glory from the Southern troops. Knowing of its existence, they searched for it many times. But it was not found.

Then, on February 27, 1862, exactly 31 years after that memorable day at Salem, a Union Army took

the city of Nashville. One of the first acts of the conquering Yankees was to take down the Confederate flag and raise the Stars and Stripes over the State Capitol.

The ceremony was about to begin when Captain Driver stepped forth from the crowd. General Nelson's flag was pathetically small for such a momentous occasion. Would he like to have Old Glory?

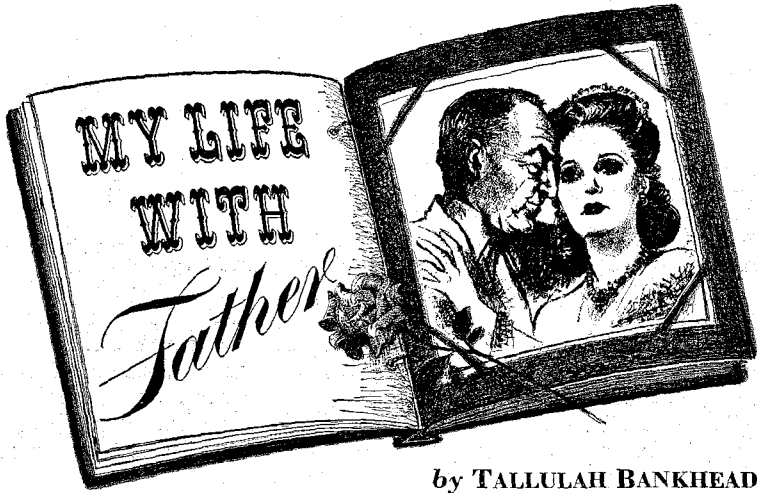
The General agreed, and a platoon of soldiers was dispatched. They returned in formal ranks, marching slowly up the long hill to the steps of the Capitol. Old Glory was taken inside.

Moments later, while hundreds stood in silent awe, its tattered colors streamed forth against the blue sky, and a lone trumpet sounded the strains of *The Star-Spangled Banner*.

It began as a whisper. Then, somewhere in the back of the huge throng, a voice called, "Hurrah for Old Glory!" Others repeated the cry, carrying it up in a crashing wave of sound, "Old Glory! Hurrah for Old Glory!"

It was a cry destined to ring across the nation and down the years. Old Glory belonged, at last, to all America.





by TALLULAH BANKHEAD

The incomparable Tallulah reminisces about the stage-struck dad who cheered her on

DADDY, TO ME, was a blend of Aladdin, D'Artagnan, Galahad, and Santa Claus. Was, did I say? He still is, although it's been 11 years since he died in Washington with a quip on his lips.

If a psychiatrist could prowl through my childhood, he would probably arrive at the conclusion that, since my mother survived my birth by but three weeks, it was inevitable that I should focus all my attention and affection on my father. His guess would be as false as a quizmaster's laugh. The truth is that I was over-coddled.

Daddy's sisters, Aunt Marie and Aunt Louise, and his father and mother drenched me with affection, and I, in turn, worshiped all of them. To further confute that phantom psychiatrist, I never lived under the same roof with my father for two uninterrupted years in my whole life.

Shortly after Mother's death,

Daddy and I and my sister Eugenia, a year my elder, moved into my grandfather's house in Jasper, Alabama, a small town some 30 miles from Birmingham. Every year, grandfather went off to Washington to take his seat in Congress. Then Eugenia and I would be packed off to Aunt Marie in Montgomery. Daddy, then a struggling young lawyer, knew better than to try and cope with the two of us alone. I suspect that he quailed at the prospect of trying to cope with me alone.

Between the ages of five and fourteen, Eugenia and I wore out a lot of schools, frayed the nerves of a lot of teachers. At nine I was in the Convent of the Sacred Heart in New York—and thereafter, always flanked by sister, I attended two convents and the Fairmont Seminary in Washington, and the Mary Baldwin Seminary in Virginia.

We resented these enforced absences from Daddy, from our aunts,

from grandmother and grandfather. One thing redeemed our stays in these schools for me—Daddy's occasional visits. He would pop in on us unannounced and we would go berserk with excitement.

In his early thirties, Daddy was distinguished looking, lean and handsome, with a profile like Edwin Booth's. Although I was too young to know it then, he was a frustrated actor who sought compensation by dramatizing his visits to us in spectacular fashion. He was a fabulous storyteller, and would lift my scalp with tales of his exploits, real or invented.

I can still recall my fevers when he brought to our home in Jasper a man with but one hand. My curiosity almost strangled me. "How did he lose his hand, Daddy?"

"Why, he was run over by a steamboat on the Mississippi, Sugar," he replied, an explanation which I accepted as gospel.

Visiting us at one of our boarding schools, he would come in with his umbrella folded, query us sternly as to our conduct, and suddenly raise his umbrella. From it would shower crackerjacks, packages of gum, candied nuts.

It's always been my notion that through some bit of magical hocus-pocus, Daddy transferred his love of the theatrical to me. I was 13 when he first told me what had happened to him at 14.

Unbeknownst to any of the family, he made his first trip to Washington to see the inauguration of Benjamin Harrison. He went in a day coach, in blue jeans, a straw hat on the back of his blond head. Grandmother was shocked at his entrance to her apartment in Wash-

ington, and at once shut him up in a clothes closet.

On grandfather's return from the Senate, she dragged Daddy out and said: "Captain John! You take your son out of here and buy him some store clothes."

But it wasn't watching the Harrison inauguration that set Daddy's hair on fire. It was a performance of *The Count of Monte Cristo*, the swashbuckling Dumas melodrama in which Eugene O'Neill's father starred for so long. Watching Edmond Dantes work vengeance on his enemies aroused in him such an emotional storm that he swore that he would one day make his mark in the theater. He had to wait a good ten years for his chance.

After his graduation from the University of Alabama, where he played on one of the great Crimson Tide elevens, he got his degree in law at Georgetown in Washington. On his graduation he opened a brokerage office in New York with two classmates. Clients didn't materialize and Daddy envisioned a happy escape when he answered an ad in a theatrical weekly and was told to report for rehearsal with a Boston stock company.

Writing his parents of his fateful decision, he was off like a shot and two days later was in rehearsal. His ardor was soon cooled. As he was leaving the theater on a December afternoon, the doorman handed him a letter bearing a familiar postmark—Washington. Grandmother had exercised the veto.

A tender proof that his affection for the theater never lagged is etched in my memory. On my arrival in Washington while touring in *Reflected Glory*, Daddy, then a veteran

member of the House of Representatives, met me at the Union Station and drove me to the stage door of the National Theater. As we parted, he said: "Tallulah, I only wish I had had one whack at it."

I WAS NINE, and attending a convent in New York, when Daddy paid Eugenia and me a Christmas visit. In magical fashion he presented each of us with little gold watches with elastic bands, only to be desolated, as were we, when he discovered that neither of them would run. Chagrined by this, he atoned by taking us to the first play I ever saw in New York—a rip-roaring melodrama called *The Whip*, crawling with villainy and crime and corruption, with thwarted love and dark despair.

We both got so excited that Daddy had to hold on to our collars to keep us from falling out of the box. I couldn't sleep for two days and, in an attempt to cool me off, he promised to take me to another play. It was *The Good Little Devil*—Mr. Belasco—and in it were two young women who later created quite a commotion in our theaters and on our screens—Mary Pickford and Lillian Gish.

The same midnight I gave impersonations of the entire cast, denied myself food and drink, and had to be threatened with the salt mines before I'd go to bed. Daddy had opened to me a new world of illusion and enchantment, and I was fit to be tied.

It was about this time that I learned that Eugenia and I had been unwitting contributors to another professional setback for Daddy. When he ran for Congress for

the first time in 1911, he was defeated. His opponent had charged, among other things, that William Brockman Bankhead was not a suitable person to represent the great Commonwealth of Alabama, since he had seen fit to educate his daughters in schools outside the state. It was broadly hinted that this was a form of treason which should not be condoned by the poll-tax payers.

Rankled by that defeat, I ran amok when Daddy on his second try—running as a candidate from a newly created Congressional district—was elected. All election day I whipped about, whispering Hail Marys. That night, heavily chaperoned, I was permitted to watch the election returns flashed on a screen in front of a newspaper office on Pennsylvania Avenue. When a bulletin announced that Daddy was elected, I bowled over the chaperone and ran screaming up and down the avenue: "Daddy's elected! Daddy's elected!"

Thereafter, thanks to his long stays in Washington, with him I saw many stock performances at Poli's Theater and at Keith's vaudeville, which Woodrow Wilson attended so steadily.

All this tended to fan into flames my desire to act, and correspondingly smothered my interest in formal education. When I complained to Daddy that algebra baffled me, he showed no concern. "If you know your Bible, your Shakespeare, and can shoot craps, you'll have a liberal education," he assured me.

Confused by mathematical equations, I concentrated on reading—everything I could lay my hands on about players of stage and screen. When *Picture Play* announced a

beauty contest for boys and girls, a dark plot boiled in my head. Ten prizes were to be awarded the winners, and the judges were to make the choice from photographs submitted either by candidates or by their parents.

Forthwith I rifled off a picture of myself in a shovel-like hat, a dress with long sleeves and a high neck; but in my enthusiasm I neglected to identify myself. The magazine dragged out the contest for weeks and I was growing haggard with suspense when one afternoon I flipped through the latest *Picture Play* and saw my picture under this caption: "Who Is She?" There followed the intelligence that, could the original prove her identity satisfactorily, she would be among the anointed.

I scorched out of the drugstore, broke in on Daddy (he and grandfather had apartments on adjoining floors) screaming: "I've won it! I'm going on the stage!"

When I was coherent enough to explain my victory, Daddy wrote to the editors, identifying the unknown as his daughter. Those harassed gentlemen replied that 15 other parents had made a like claim. Could he send a duplicate picture to verify his claim? Daddy did, and I was on my way.

That night, the Bankheads in Washington went into solemn session. The choice they made was to be momentous, since, in 1917, no woman in the South was supposed to work. Though Daddy gave no outward sign then, I soon learned he was thrilled that I was to have the opportunity snatched from him. But he was tortured by knowledge of his comparative poverty.

"On a Congressman's salary, I can't afford to send this child to New York with a chaperone," he said. At this point, my grandfather stepped into the breach. "Stand back, Will," he said. "I'm underwriting this child. Let her go on the stage. If she isn't allowed to, she'll probably go through life brooding that she never had a chance to do the thing she thinks she wants."

I was 15 when I set off for New York with Aunt Marie, and I still remember Daddy's final words: "Too bad I can't go with you."

IN ALL MY YEARS in the theater Daddy saw me only in half-a-dozen plays. In his 23 years in Congress, demands on his time precluded many visits to New York. And there was another reason why he rarely saw me on a stage. He couldn't afford the trips. I suspect, too, that seeing me in the theater would have stirred and revived his old regrets. But over the years I sent him all the critical notices, both good and bad, of the plays in which I appeared.

He never, to my knowledge, exulted over any success I achieved. His was an inner satisfaction, the knowledge that his daughter had fulfilled his hopes—and in a degree his own ambition.

Only once did I see him wax enthusiastic about me. When, back in 1937, I told him I was going to marry John Emery, he seemed worried, probably because Eugenia's multiple marriages had curdled so often. "You're not going to get married and change your name—your stage name, I mean?"

John and I were married in Daddy's house in Jasper, and when we

arrived he was talking with London on the long-distance telephone. A London newspaper was querying him about the wedding, and I heard him say: "What is my daughter wearing? Why just a little French dress and a little string of pearls? . . . How old is my son-in-law? How old are you, John?" . . .

"Thirty-four, Mr. Squeaker," replied my confused mate.

"How old is my daughter?"

Because I was older than John, Daddy deliberately muttered some gibberish. After the ceremony he took us out into the garden and recited Shakespeare.

Through most of the '20s, I was acting on the London stage, and in eight years saw Daddy but twice. I was rehearsing in *The Creaking Chair* when he came to England as a member of the U. S. Shipping Board. With me, he went to a flossy dinner given by the late C. B. Cochran, attended by such political and theatrical bigwigs as Lord Balfour, Lord Beaverbrook, and Sir Gerald Du Maurier.

Daddy, in white tie and tails for perhaps the tenth time in his life, made a great hit. The ladies all flirted with him, and he was enjoying himself hugely.

Daddy started out by saying that American women were the most beautiful in the world, and enlarged upon this theme in extravagant

fashion until I was dying of embarrassment. My blood was chilled that he could so far forget his impeccable manners. Daddy repeated, "American women are the most beautiful in the world," paused, then resumed. "And now I can see why, because they're descended from the English and the Irish."

On a September night in 1940, Eugenia and I were in New York, waiting to hear a radio speech Daddy was to make in Baltimore, his first in Franklin Roosevelt's campaign for a third term. Just before he was scheduled to go on the air, an announcer said that Speaker Bankhead was ill. Then his chauffeur called me to say, "Miss Bankhead, you'd better come."

We sat outside his door all night, since our presence would be sure to alarm him. Next morning, when we stood by his bedside, he jested with us. When the doctor said, "Speaker Bankhead, where is your pain?" he replied, "I don't play favorites. I scatter my pain."

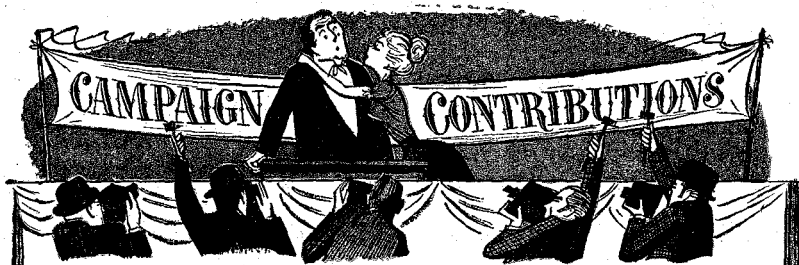
That night he insisted on being taken back to Washington, where he died two nights later while I was acting in Princeton in *The Little Foxes*. Like the actor he wanted to be, like the actor he was, he wanted to die on stage. He took his last cue in the Capital where he had served his country for almost a quarter of a century without interruption.

Design for Living



I CAN EASILY TELL that Thanksgiving Day is near. I've got a wise, old turkey on my farm and for the past few days he's been going around quacking like a duck.

—ARTHUR GODFREY



MORE POLITICIANS ought to stop quoting Lincoln's speeches and start imitating his actions.

—SYDNEY J. HARRIS (Chicago Daily News)

TWO OPPOSING political candidates argued on a busy street, while a crowd of interested spectators listened.

"There are hundreds of ways of making money," one of the campaigners declared, "but only one honest one."

"And what's that?" jeered the other candidate.

"Ah, ha!" rejoined the first. "I thought you wouldn't know!"

—Wall Street Journal

THE MORE YOU LISTEN to politicians' speeches, the more you realize that ours is indeed the Land of Promise.

—HARPO MARK

JUNIOR HAD HEARD his father flail the Democratic party at every opportune occasion. Anything and everything that went wrong was the fault of the Democrats or the Democratic party. So one day, when a woman driver cut in front of his father while driving in traffic, and father was mumbling something under his breath, Junior said, "Is she a Democrat too, Daddy?"

—JAMES CURRIE

A CANDIDATE for political office pointed with pride to a 15 per cent increase in population in his state. The things that some guys will take credit for!

—ARTHUR GODFREY

IT'S NOT EASY to be a politician these days. Just try sitting on the fence and keeping both ears to the ground at the same time.

—RED SKELTON

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN'S campaigning in one small town had been extremely successful; his audience cheered and applauded the silver-tongued orator at the conclusion of his speech and one very beautiful girl threw her arms around him, asking for a kiss. Alert news photographers trained their cameras expectantly but Bryan, courteously and firmly, declined.

Later in their hotel rooms, the statesman's campaign manager told Bryan in no uncertain terms that he had made a grave error, that the townspeople would resent his refusal.

Bryan reached over and took his wife's hand. "Here's the reason," he said. "I'm leaving this city tonight, but I expect to spend the rest of my days with Mrs. Bryan."

—MARY ALKUS

SILVER



ONE DAY, SOMEWHERE in Korea, I was walking along a village street when a truck loaded with UN soldiers pulled to a stop beside me. The boys in the truck began tossing candy and gum to the little people who gathered as if from nowhere. I noticed that one boy, slightly larger than the others, was getting more than the rest.

Moving on down the street, I'd gone perhaps a block or so when a bundle of rags whirled by me, yelling in his native tongue to someone up ahead. It was the boy who had been getting more than his share of the candy. Wondering why the lad seemed so excited, I followed to a hole in a bamboo fence where he disappeared. I looked through and there he was, dividing his candy and gum with five or six dirty, hungry children much smaller than himself.

Maybe, I thought, the whole world isn't so bad off after all.

—CORP. EDDIE EVANS

IT HAPPENED in a small, musty office of a weekly newspaper on the West Virginia-Kentucky border. The thin, tired woman in the shabby dress entered timidly in search of the "sassiety" editor. Introduced, she confided that her daughter was being married and she would like to have it "writ up" in the papers.

The Woman's Page editor nodded. Could she have the details, please? Eagerly her visitor took a scrap of paper from a worn handbag and began to read painfully. It was soon apparent that her daughter was to be married in ivory satin

and rose-point lace, along with all the other expensive accessories of a lavish wedding. The editor set down her pencil.

"Are you sure?" she inquired gently. "I don't mean to question, but I wouldn't want to print this if it weren't all true. It would be very embarrassing for your daughter, you know."

The frail woman hesitated, flustered. Then tears welled suddenly in her eyes. "Hit ain't true," she whispered. "Hit's going to be a right pore wedding. But I did want Cora to have *somethin'* to show her grandchildren. So I borried this," she held out the clipping, "from one of them city papers. Couldn't you, please?" her eyes pleaded. "Hit's only for her grandchildren. I h'aint nothing to show mine."

The editor looked out the window to hide her own distress. Then the idea came. "Just a minute," she said. "I'm sure my wedding veil is in a trunk up in the attic. And I'll just bet someone has a white gown, or some material or something." Quickly she picked up the telephone.

Half an hour later, the little newspaper office was crowded. Women had arrived from all over the village, bringing "something old, something new . . ." for a

LININGS



wedding costume "from the skin out." The newspaper publisher delightedly volunteered to supply the bride's bouquet.

Completely overwhelmed, the simple mountain woman sat with tears streaming down her cheeks as she ran her fingers shyly over the billowing white gown in her lap. She didn't try to speak.

"Now," the editor picked up her pencil, trying to hide the mistiness in her eyes behind a brisk tone, "let's get the details of this wedding down. Just what was it you said the bride was planning to wear?"

—JAMES PATRICK

ON SEPTEMBER 12, 1945, a shabbily dressed townsman in the small community of Glendale, Arizona, strode into a local branch of the Valley National Bank, poked a high-powered rifle against the ribs of the manager, and escaped with \$22,000 in cash.

Since everybody in town knew the culprit, he was easily identified and later arrested with all but \$10 of the loot in his possession. For his crime he was sentenced to five years in prison.

Free on parole, the man walked into the bank again on February 27, 1948. There was a moment of tense silence among the employees

who recognized him. Then he timidly explained that he wanted to borrow \$200 to start a restaurant.

After reviewing his application, the bank's officers decided it was worth \$200 to rehabilitate a local citizen who had the gumption to start making good at the scene of his one mistake. The loan was speedily granted.

—GEORGE HENIOFFER

MANY CHICAGOANS hurrying to the polls last November saw an unusual sight—a taxi the like of which they'd never seen before. It carried signs offering a free ride. Some, staring in disbelief, walked on; others stopped to investigate. One asked the driver: "You carry voters without charge, bud?"

"Sure," said the cabbie, "hop in." And within a matter of minutes he deposited his passenger in front of the neighborhood polling place. Again and again this happened, people being attracted by the banner draped around the cab.

It read: "Be American. Vote today. No matter how you vote, you ride free to the polls."

A reporter got wind of it and interviewed the cabbie, who turned out to be Milton Bronstein, 29-year-old veteran of World War II. The free rides were his idea of an effective way to impress on Chicagoans that they should not throw away their priceless gift, the right to vote.

"Sure, it's my own gas and my own working time," he explained. "But that's very little if I can help keep this country going. It's just my way of saying that I'm thankful to be an American."

—CHARLES ANTHONY

VIRGINIA'S GHOST HOTEL



by J. P. FOLINSBEE

For one night it glowed like a star, then its magnificence passed into oblivion

THE CARRIAGES were called as twilight began to descend on the Blue Ridge Mountains. Sleek hansoms and Victorias, open broughams with lace parasols for the ladies, a few local carriages polished for the brilliant occasion—all were part of the endless Cinderella procession. Drawn by the finest horses of Virginia and handled by liveried drivers, they began to wind along the sweeping drive to the gleaming hotel on the hill.

Far below, private trains drew into specially constructed sidings. Aboard, the cream of Virginian and Northern society made last-minute preparations for the gala. Fortunes in jewels were removed from velvet cases; maids hastily smoothed out flowing gowns. In the never-never land of gaslights and green plush, gentlemen twisted white ties into immaculate perfection. And over all the extravagant display of wealth

and luxury hovered the promise of even greater wealth and greater luxury to come . . .

It was September 17, 1892. The tiny town of Glasgow, Virginia, stood on the brink of becoming one of the first cities of the South. Its streets were laid out, mile on mile, and every one of its thousands of lots had been sold at a fabulous price. And, of course, such prices were only the beginning . . .

Vast iron-ore deposits were about to make another Pittsburgh out of little Glasgow. Soon, the name of the Rockbridge Company would rank with the titans of the steel business. Didn't the miles of gleaming street lamps spread through the valley prove it?

And the Rockbridge Hotel? Here, surely, was proof that dollars would soon multiply like leaves in this mountain Eden. Located high on a hill dominating the beautiful valley,

its tall towers and wide bays, sweeping piazzas and impressive stone-cut fronts and pillars, made it a queen of Virginia hotels.

Two hundred rooms and suites were finished in meticulous and expensive detail. A roof garden—a daring architectural innovation in the '90s—reflected the dazzling mood of its creators. For months, mountain people had come down from the hills to gaze open-mouthed at its magnificence.

Tonight, the hotel would make its brilliant bow to the world. Its halls, dining rooms, and ballrooms teemed with servants. Case after case of iced champagne had been put down. Two orchestras, skillfully concealed in screens of flowers, tuned their instruments for the gay measures of the waltz.

Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, nephew of Robert E. Lee and president of the Rockbridge Company, impressively prepared to meet his guests at the foot of the grand staircase. To remove an imagined chill from the soft September night, fires burned low in spacious marble fireplaces. All was perfection.

And then, in a confetti of furs and jewels, the distinguished guests arrived. Down the long receiving line passed the rich, the glamorous, the titled—from half the States of the Union and a dozen countries abroad. Even in ante-bellum days, the South had seldom seen such a brilliant assembly.

Under the subtle influences of champagne and a superb supper, voices hummed and rose. A bank of long-distance operators kept the telephones buzzing. Over the wires, money was doubled, tripled, compounded, and went soaring out of

sight. The murmur of millions hung in a rosy cloud over Glasgow . . .

The directors of the company, taking their cue from Fitzhugh Lee's impassive assurance, allowed an air of benign affability to mingle with the fragrant smoke of their cigars. All hoped that the recently installed street lamps of the city would last until dawn. All of them discreetly saw to it that no guest strayed by accident into certain wings of the hotel, where banks of rooms stood stark and unfurnished.

Couples strolled leisurely through flower-scented gardens and lingered on the star-swept roof. In hundreds of minds was the thought that the fairy tale was only beginning. It would go on tomorrow and tomorrow, and they would be part of it. As the stock and bond men rather vulgarly put it: "*They were in on the ground floor of the biggest thing since cotton.*" Magically, papers appeared, were signed, and disappeared.

A few guests, sensing something strange in the fantastic atmosphere of champagne, perfume, and music, quietly unloaded their holdings for a precious signature. But most of them, lulled by the brilliance of the night and the opulence of the hotel, forgot any fears they might have had. Yet, despite the heroic effort of the Rockbridge Company to achieve just such an effect, fate was to decree otherwise.

Soon after the glittering guests had departed the great hall, a small group of men, dressed in severe street clothes, came up the drive. They showed their cards. *Receivers!*

In a few hours a trickle of doubt grew into a river of panic. Stocks and holdings nose-dived to worthlessness. In less than a day, the awe-

inspiring bubble of Glasgow, built on one of the most fabulous booms in the history of the South, deflated itself to an insignificant smear. Hundreds were wiped out.

The baronial hotel (about the only tangible asset in a virtually primitive mountain valley where the iron ore assayed too low for profitable development) passed into litigation. For 14 years it swirled elephantinely in the whirlpools of the courts, and was finally sold at auction for a scant \$10,500. And

even this money went to pay the watchman's back wages.

Today, Glasgow is a quiet little town which seems to have a street for every building it contains. High above on the hill, the weathered remnant of the hotel, looking like some noble and stranded ark, stands in pathetic ruin. But old-timers, when they look up at it, still dream back to the night when its beauty shone like a star, and, in the reflected glow, the back yards of Glasgow seemed paved with gold.

About Famous People



ONE DAY, shortly after Christmas, a friend of Mark Twain paid a visit to the humorist's house. When he entered the library, he noticed a pile of books on the floor.

"Gifts?" he asked.

Twain nodded.

"Why do people always give writers books for gifts?" asked the other. "Don't they think we ever need anything else?"

"Oh, I like books," said Twain. "Take these heavy books, for example. There's nothing like a heavy book for throwing at noisy cats. And thin books are just the thing to put under shaky tables and chairs. And look at this leather-bound volume. It makes an ideal razorstop. Books are ideal gifts, I can't get enough of them."

—MILWAUKEE Journal

THE LATE KING GEORGE V had a delightful way of handling those conversationalists who are prone to repeat their good stories. Several years ago, the King attended a dinner at one of the Inns of

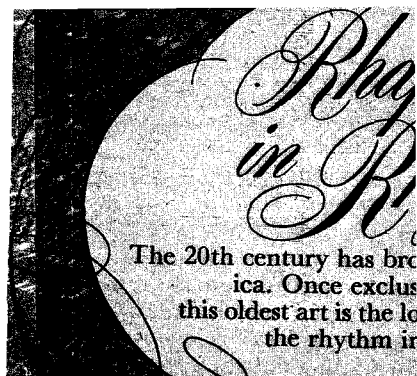
Court. A retired lawyer, who sat next to His Majesty, had a vast number of years to his credit, but he could remember only one story.

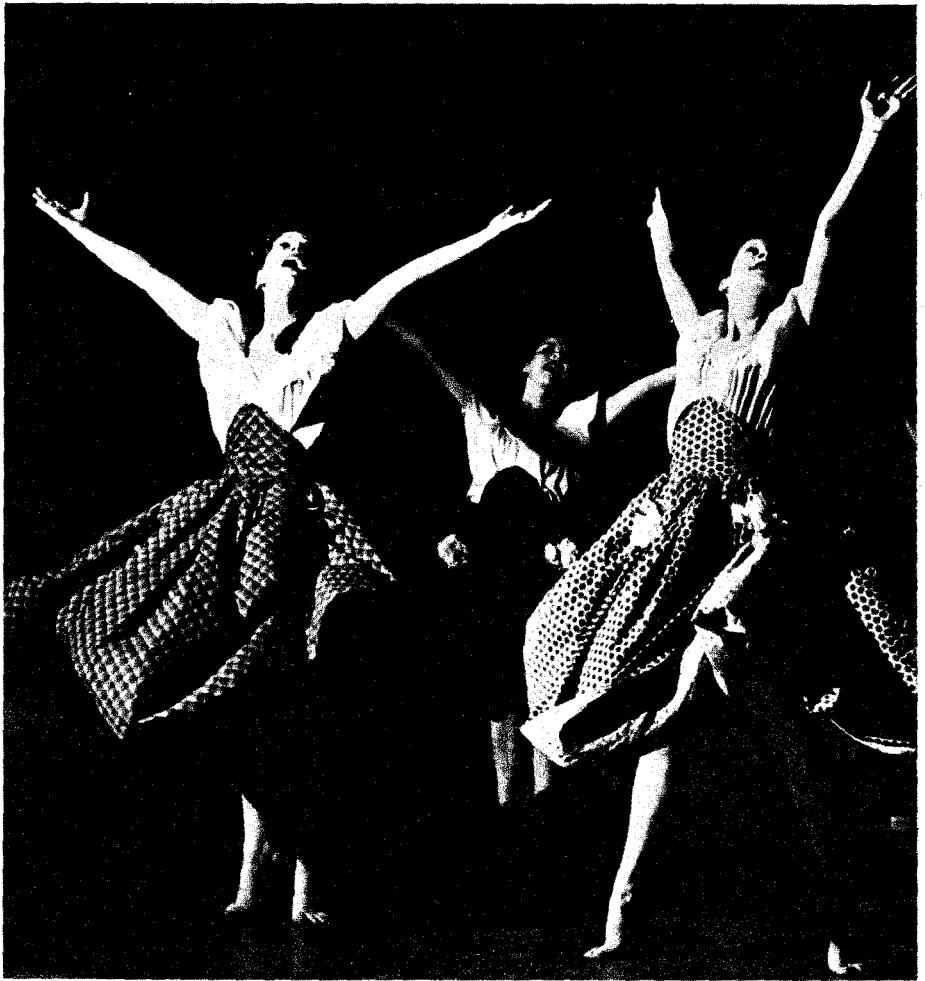
Delighted at finding himself next to the King, the lawyer dragged out his story, and told it to His Majesty, who listened to it politely and patiently. During the dinner, the old man again produced the story and recounted it to the King. When coffee was served, he tried it out a third time.

After the recital was over, His Majesty turned to his companion with a charming smile and said, "Now, let me tell you a good story I have heard." The King then recounted the anecdote back to the lawyer word for word. The dinner guests listened with genuine delight and laughed heartily at the joke when it was over.

The lawyer turned to the King with sincere astonishment, and said, "Why, bless me sir, who told you that splendid story? It is almost as good as mine."

—Sunshine Magazine





Only in the past 50 years has the dance been released from the bonds of tradition. And nowhere in the world has the exuberant new art developed with the richness, complexity, and beauty it has achieved in America. The reason is essentially simple. Bursting with vigor, paced with speed and freedom, ro-

bust American artists have taken the ethereal classic dance and given it the grass-roots flavor of a people's entertainment.

The revolution began at the century's turn with Isadora Duncan. To the dismay of the artistic world, she cast her ballet shoes to the wind, donned a flowing tunic, and de-



clared a barefoot independence. Overnight, her break with convention became a *cause célèbre*. Audiences were shocked, critics denounced her. But it was too late. The stage was set for the greatest era the dance has ever known.

Names that are already legendary fanned the spark. In the '20s,

Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn electrified audiences with their Denishawn Company. Folk dances went sophisticated, and bloomed as folk ballets. In a mighty leap, the dance sprang triumphantly from yesterday toward tomorrow.

Led by daring innovators like Martha Graham, Doris Humphrey,



Conceived as an outward expression of inner emotions, modern dance was born.

and Hanya Holm, the modern dance was stripped of frills and recast the human body as a vigorous and eloquent storyteller. Its American creators drew their material from folklore, history books, and the restless, changing tempo of today. Soon, dances like Martha Graham's *Salem Shore* and *Appalachian Spring*, Catherine Littlefield's *Barn Dance*, and Charles Weidman's dance-poem of the life of Lincoln, *A House Divided*, were being acclaimed. In the wake of the storm, schools and colleges all over the country discarded worn-out dance themes and embraced the excitement and vitality of modern dance. Today, all America has caught the infectious spirit.

The ballet was not, as many believe, originally Russian. Imported from France by Peter the Great,



Reveling in exuberant new freedom, dancers interpret the joys and sorrows, the dramatic essences of life itself, in forms that everyone can understand and enjoy.



The dance was once the pampered and rigid entertainment of the czars. Today it has emerged with a dazzling repertoire of versatile ballets unthinkable 30 years ago.

NOVEMBER, 1951

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Despite changing times, no ballet would be complete without its "White Ballet."

the Imperial Ballet underwent secluded refinement for nearly two centuries. Toward the end of the czarist regime, it bowed again to the world in the sheer brilliance of Vaslav Nijinsky, undoubtedly the greatest male dancer of all time, and in the remote, lovely, incompa-

erable star that was Anna Pavlova.

Yet even then, at the zenith of the classic dance, traditions were trembling. Under the fabulous direction of Sergei Diaghileff, who created an immortal constellation of artists, a young Russian, Michael Fokine, was experimenting. For

As traditional as it is lovely, *ballet blanc* makes every dancer a ballerina.

Pavlova, he created *The Swan*, a revolutionary ballet that Pavlova danced to the pinnacle of fame; for Nijinsky, *The Specter of the Rose*. Nijinsky's own *Sacre du Printemps* incited a riot in the Paris theater where it was first shown.

Three decades, however, were to

pass before the Russian ballet underwent the greatest revolution of all. It happened in America. It was a ballet by Agnes de Mille, bearing the flamboyant title *Rodeo*.

True to the texture of our land, the dance reflects the many nations that are America. Russia sent us



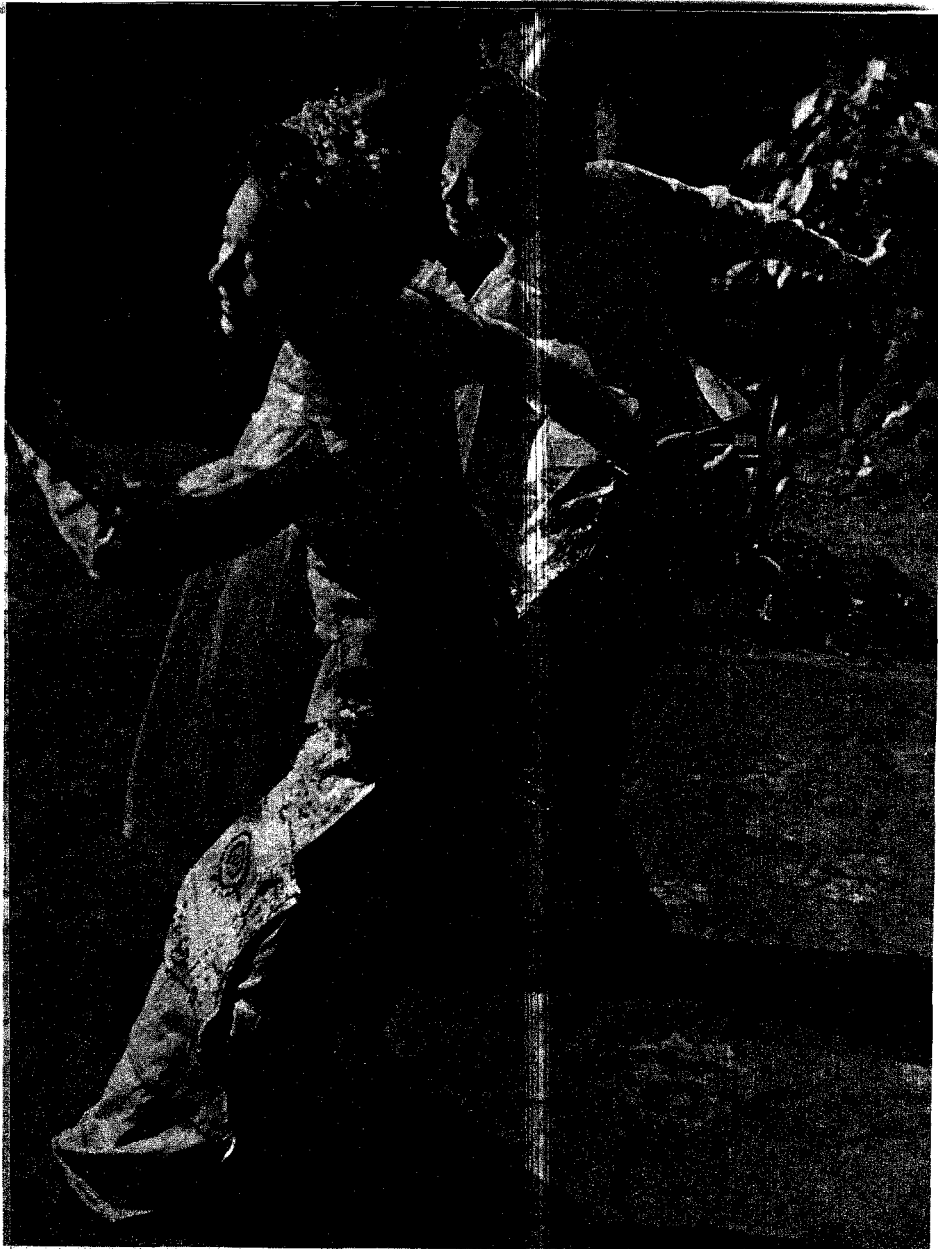
In the great tradition, ballerinas begin to dance as soon as they learn to walk. Baronova, one of the most lustrous names in ballet, was a *prima ballerina* at 14.



The studied gestures and exquisite delicacy of Oriental dances are ages old.

ballet, Vienna the graceful waltz. From Ireland we adopted the jig, from all Europe folk dances by the score, and from Africa powerful and expressive Negro dances. In a merry confusion, from every corner of the globe they reached our shores. And a strange thing happened. Some borrowed from others, some merged into completely new forms, all were infected with the spirit and tempo of the new country and took on an unmistakable New World flavor.

Simultaneously, out of the magnificent growth of our land and its people, native American dances were born. Belonging to no other country and no other age, they took inspiration from the Western plains and Southern cotton fields, from the hills and the farms and the



Since Ruth St. Denis first astonished American audiences with her *O Mika*, the ancient cultures of the East have been a rich source of inspiration, and expression. Today, Oriental-American dancers are combining the old and the new in a unique art.

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Brilliance and color characterize dances originating in Old Spain. Unhappily for many ballroom and folk-dance enthusiasts, they demand a gypsylike abandon plus such deft precision that they are beyond the reach of most amateur performers.

rivers—to become the heritage of the true American Dance.

Never in history have ballroom and folk dancing enjoyed the wide acceptance they know today. Like the more spectacular dance forms of the stage, they have skyrocketed to full ascendancy only in the past few decades.

As early as 1910, fashionable American resorts were resounding to the *Grizzly Bear*, the *Turkey Trot*, and the *Bunny Hug*—energetic, care-free dances springing from the national urge to enjoy the new freedom of all dance. Soon, Irene and Vernon Castle became ballroom idols, and Americans in every walk of life began taking lessons. While the rest of the world clung to traditional patterns of recreational dance, Americans were joyously creating the *Charleston* and the *Lindy Hop*, and such stars as Fred Astaire and Gene Kelly.

Square dancing, too, in the not-so-distant past, was considered a quaint diversion of isolated rural communities. Now its cracker-barrel flavor and intoxicating measures are as commonplace in sophisticated cities as in small country towns. Originally conceived as a gay Saturday-night get-together for farm folk after a necessarily lonely week, its spontaneous conviviality and good fellowship were found equally welcome in the big cities—which can be lonely, too.

Most colorful of all dances which anyone can enjoy, folk dances and gala festivals are everywhere. To millions of Americans it now seems as natural as breathing to create a miniature United Nations on the dance floor. Not only is it a dramatic re-emphasis of the true heri-



The gay Mexican Hat dance is typical of New World innovations in the dance.



Folk dances, often spontaneously born, express the joyous spirit of holidays.

Like a flight of gulls, youthful dancers seem to dissolve the bonds of gravity.

tage of our land, but it touches a responsive chord in the American heart.

Like a fresh prairie wind sweeping aside the cobwebs of tradition, American ballet was born in the '30s. In Eugene Loring's *Billy the Kid*, audiences were electrified by a brilliant pageant of dancers-turned-

cowboys, translating down-to-earth ranch life into ballet terms. Other ballets, bearing such provocative labels as *Filling Station*, *Juke Box*, and *Frankie and Johnny*, underscored the revolutionary trend.

It remained for Agnes de Mille to make American ballet nationally and internationally famous. Her



Freed from the costumes of yesterday, American dance has emerged in dungarees.

sensational ballets in *Oklahoma!* streaked like shooting stars across the artistic heavens. Following with the triumphant *Bloomer Girl* and *Carousel*, Agnes de Mille is credited by many as the greatest single force in giving homespun, realistic ballet the breath-taking popularity that it now holds.

Few sources of inspiration have remained untapped. Jerome Robbins' saucy sailor ballet, *Fancy Free*, which was later expanded into the Broadway and Hollywood hit, *On the Town*, exists side by side with ballets about everything from railroad construction to murder.

With the brilliance of Maypole



In a living frieze of grace and form, dancers accent themselves against the sea. Beginning before the ballet revolution, modern dance is already a third-generation art.



With much in common, modern dance and ballet are separate, distinct forms.

ribbons, the dances that make up our treasury of American dance are woven into the developments and discoveries of the past 30 years.

Ballet, with its startling decision to come down from its toes and substitute cowboys for the traditional Greek gods and Main Street for the stereotyped mythical kingdoms, stands on the threshold of a new classic heritage.

Intensely creative modern dance, which learned to show reality grown out of eloquent inner expression, is still expanding to wider and brighter horizons.

In every way, dance is growing and changing as our most vital art. After two generations of pioneering and accomplishment, it still has not paused to catch its breath.

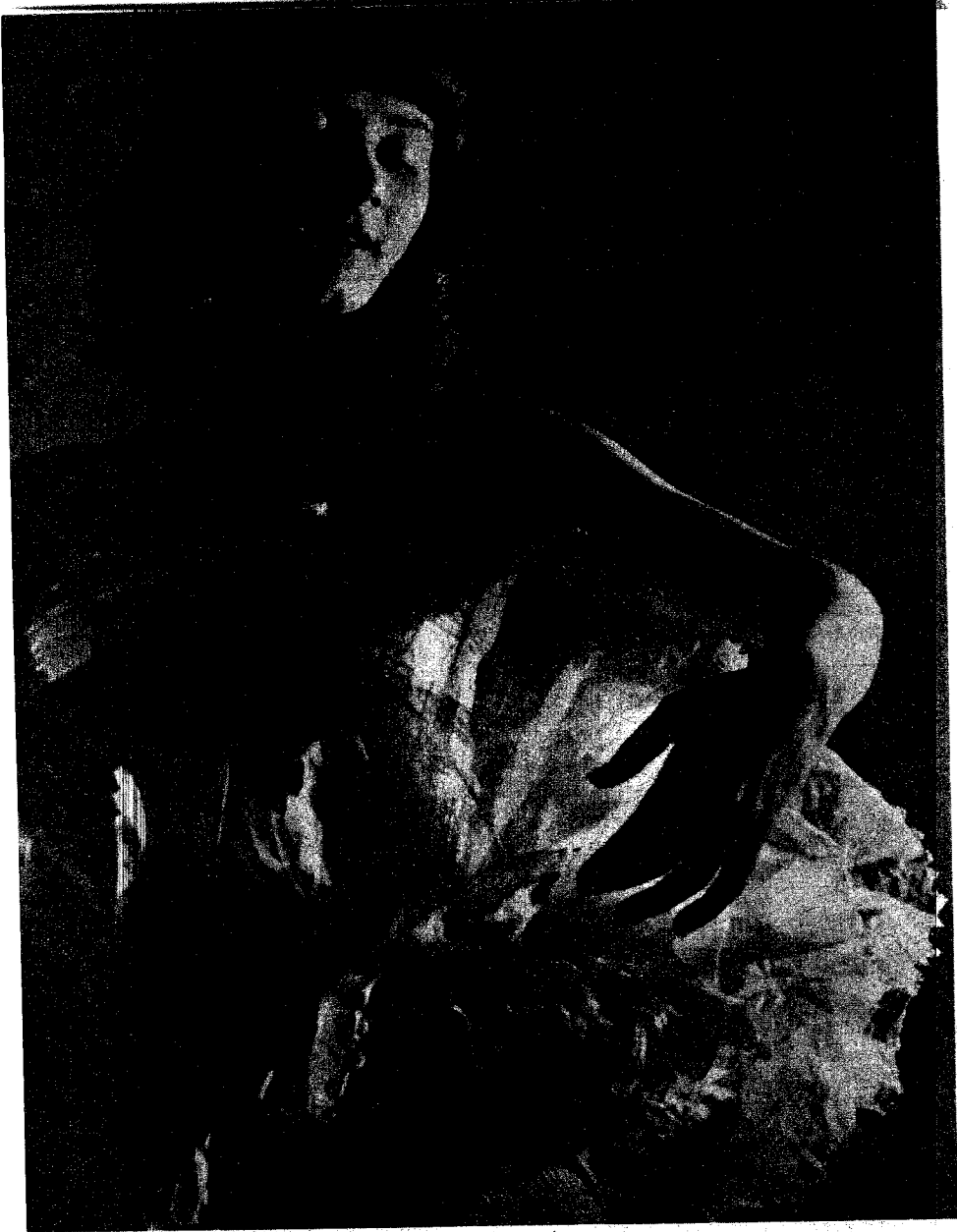
Arrested aerial motion, vital to all dance, demands tremendous precision and muscular control to appear effortless. The dancer seems to have hesitated for a moment in a graceful soaring movement. He expresses an "attitude in the air."

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Yet, whatever the future may bring, the dance will always be touched with glamour and a hint of the mysterious, forever. For, above all, the dance is still a fabulous and beautiful lady—charming millions with a lovely song hidden in her secret heart.

TIFFANY ON WHEELS



by JAY BREEN

The world's swankiest car bodies come from Derham brothers' unpretentious shop

YOU ARE GETTING old if you can remember the days when you could step into a car with no more than a slight bend of the midsection. But the painful experience of thumping his forehead against the top of a low-slung limousine evoked determination in the mind of a Havana millionaire, whose arthritis made bending difficult.

While still rubbing his head, he delivered an ultimatum. He wanted a car along the newest lines, but so designed that he could enter it without bowing so much as an inch.

When the millionaire's brother approached a New York automobile agent with this order, which he had thought unique, he was referred to the Derham brothers.

Hidden away in an unpretentious factory along a highway just outside Philadelphia, the brothers Derham have been filling unusual orders for whimsical car buyers since 1907. They do not manufacture whole automobiles, however, but only build or rebuild special car bodies—in most cases Cadillacs,

Chryslers, Lincolns, or Packards.

Once assured that price was a matter of small concern, they set about remodeling a Chrysler for the sugar king, offering as their finished product a sleek, streamlined sedan with a top that snaps open and shut like a jack-in-the-box. Together with several other highly distinctive appointments, the car added up to a total cost of \$15,000—including the price of the chassis. But the Cuban was delighted.

In an industry where mass production is a god, James and Enos Derham have scored a major success by indulging the whims of highly individualistic car buyers. Their list of patrons includes such people as President Truman, Gary Cooper and Bernard Baruch. And yet, you don't have to want an entire car body job to interest the Derhams.

If your pocket can stand it, they will satisfy your fancy for such a minor item as an individually styled radiator grille. And a good many of their clients drive up in stock cars

which they merely want altered from the rigid lines accepted by less singular motorists.

A dignitary who desires a movable glass panel to separate him from his chauffeur can have it installed for \$920. A retiring executive who feels the rear windows of his car do not afford enough privacy can have the entire rear end rebuilt, leaving only a small oval of glass for viewing purposes.

However, the Derham showrooms are no place for a man who must count his pennies. Some of their works of art bear price tags ranging up to \$30,000.

One such model was designed to meet the requirements of an Arabian sheik, who learned that a neighboring potentate was newly possessed of a car almost 20 feet long. The owner was making the rounds of the bazaars, loudly pointing out that his new car was the longest in the Middle East. The sheik wanted this braggart reduced to size, so he decided on a red convertible with lavish chromium trim, provided it measured 21 feet from bumper to bumper.

Enos, the engineer of the Derham brothers team, sketched a glittering monster and rushed his drawings off, together with a pulse-stopping estimate of cost. By return mail, he got a check for \$28,000. Thus, Arabia has recently been enriched by a fire-red machine, complete with a battery of spotlights and a horn that can be heard for miles.

QUITE OFTEN, a Derham customer will prove himself almost as much of a car expert as the brothers themselves. Jim recalls Leopold Stokowski and the Duke of Windsor

as two buyers who were unusually well-informed.

On the other hand, opera star Lily Pons left mechanical details entirely to Enos and Jim. Her novel ideas about the rest of the machine called for a brougham-style town car, bearing special side lamps of ancient design. The glass was to be engraved with fleurs-de-lis, in honor of Miss Pons' native France, and for the upholstery she specified blue broadcloth.

American diplomats and Wall Street financiers reach the heights of conservatism in their requests, but their opposite numbers across the Atlantic like sport cars along the lines of the cream phaeton, upholstered in green leather, which the Derhams made for an automobile show and later sold to Gary Cooper. And the brothers have even turned out town cars for foreign notables who demanded lemon-yellow paint, combined with chocolate-brown upholstery.

Pope Pius XII presented a particularly knotty problem for the Derhams. He needed a car which would allow him to have his attendants in the car without shattering the tradition which decrees he must always sit alone. Enos solved that by constructing a large lounge chair in place of the back seat. Two other chairs pull out from the back of the front seat. Beside the Pope's chair are cabinets which unfold to make a traveling desk, and other compartments give him the appointments of a complete office.

Another world figure, Arabia's King Ibn Saud, presented special difficulties. He stands six-feet-four and weighs about 250 pounds. To give him comfort, the Derhams

built one enormous leather seat that effectively suggested a throne. Ibn Saud needed no license plates, but the Derhams supplied him with an impressive set which bear his coat of arms, cast in gold on a base of aluminum.

The two brothers are an ideal pair for the business they inherited from their carriage-maker father. Jim is the hearty, good-natured type of man a company needs when its cars cost around \$25,000 apiece. Enos is a dedicated craftsman from whose drawing board come models that millionaires can convince themselves are worth the price.

Their father, Joseph, arrived in this country in 1882, when he was 16, and soon was in the carriage business for himself. He built a thriving trade supplying Philadelphia blue bloods with carriages. It was in 1907 that an old Derham customer walked into the shop with a strange order. He had bought a horseless carriage and wanted to know whether it could be fitted with a detachable top to make winter driving practical.

The Derham job was so successful that it started a trickle of business which Derham, Sr., recognized as the death knell of the horse. A few years later, the area boasted a dozen or more carriage makers who had shifted to producing custom-built bodies for autos. But Derham is the only one that achieved renown in the new field.

Joseph died in 1927, and during the Depression the two sons found themselves reduced to accepting fender-repair work. They consider it a wry joke that many Pennsylvania drivers who pass their plant today think such work is still their

mainstay. But anyone who drives in and orders a straightening job gets courteous treatment at prices which give little hint of the fancy work which takes up most of the 40 employees' working hours.

YOU MAY THINK you have never seen a Derham work of automotive art, but it is almost a certainty that you have. Two of their machines—specially built reception cars—show up frequently in newsreels. They belong to an automobile company which bases one of them in New York and the other in Chicago, loaning them out to cities all over the country. But only a few have ever enjoyed a close-up of such masterpieces as the dark-blue sedan which the 49 district sales managers of the Brown & Bigelow company presented to their boss, Charles Ward, as a Christmas gift in 1948.

The car is upholstered in genuine calfskin, into which have been burned the cattle brands of Mr. Ward's Arizona ranches, and his initials are engraved on the gleaming hubcaps.

The Derhams have their theory to explain what prompts a man to pay as much as \$25,000 for a car bearing their name plate. "It's like a man who buys a \$200 suit," Jim says. "He could get one that serves the purpose just as well, so far as quality and tailoring go, for \$90. But once he has had the very best, he doesn't feel comfortable in anything else."

Not infrequently, the Derhams turn out special jobs for invalids. Enos has designed a wheel chair which rolls up a ramp into the car and locks in place, so that the occu-

pant need not leave his seat to go for a drive. Derham can convert any car the size of a seven-passenger sedan to this use, but the price runs to several thousand dollars.

The painstaking craftsmanship of the Derhams' work is as well known around the world as their willingness to please customers. Makers and distributors of standard automobiles like to have Derham craftsmen tinker around with their latest models, in the hope that improved designs or fittings may be proposed. Thus, the company not only fulfills the demand for elaborate departures from the standard automobile, but takes an active part in the industry's constant search for improved models.

The Derhams take pride in the fact that almost all of their non-technical customers are repeaters, although there is one dormant account in their files. The name is Joseph Stalin. Enos and Jim converted a Packard sedan into an open touring car for the Soviet leader back in 1938, and have never heard a word since.

As for the masters of this automotive shop, their own tastes in cars are disappointingly simple. Jim drives a stock American car, just as it came off the assembly line, except for a fabric cover he fitted snugly over the steel top. Brother Enos has a car of the same make and model, with absolutely no changes from the way it left the Detroit maker.

How to Drive a Salesman Mad



ONE OF THE GREATEST practical jokes this country has known, that great actor Edward Sothorn, happened to pass a hardware store one day and noticed that its sole occupant, a young salesman, was leaning on a counter staring dreamily into space. The actor entered and asked if he might buy a first edition of the Gutenberg Bible.

The young man came back to earth and answered politely, "I'm sorry, sir, but this happens to be a hardware store."

"Oh, don't worry about its being autographed—I'll take it anyhow!" said Sothorn.

"But, sir, we don't sell books!" "Don't bother about wrapping it," replied the actor without batting an eye. "I want to start reading it right away."

"But we don't have any books here—just tools and things," the unhappy salesman fairly shouted.

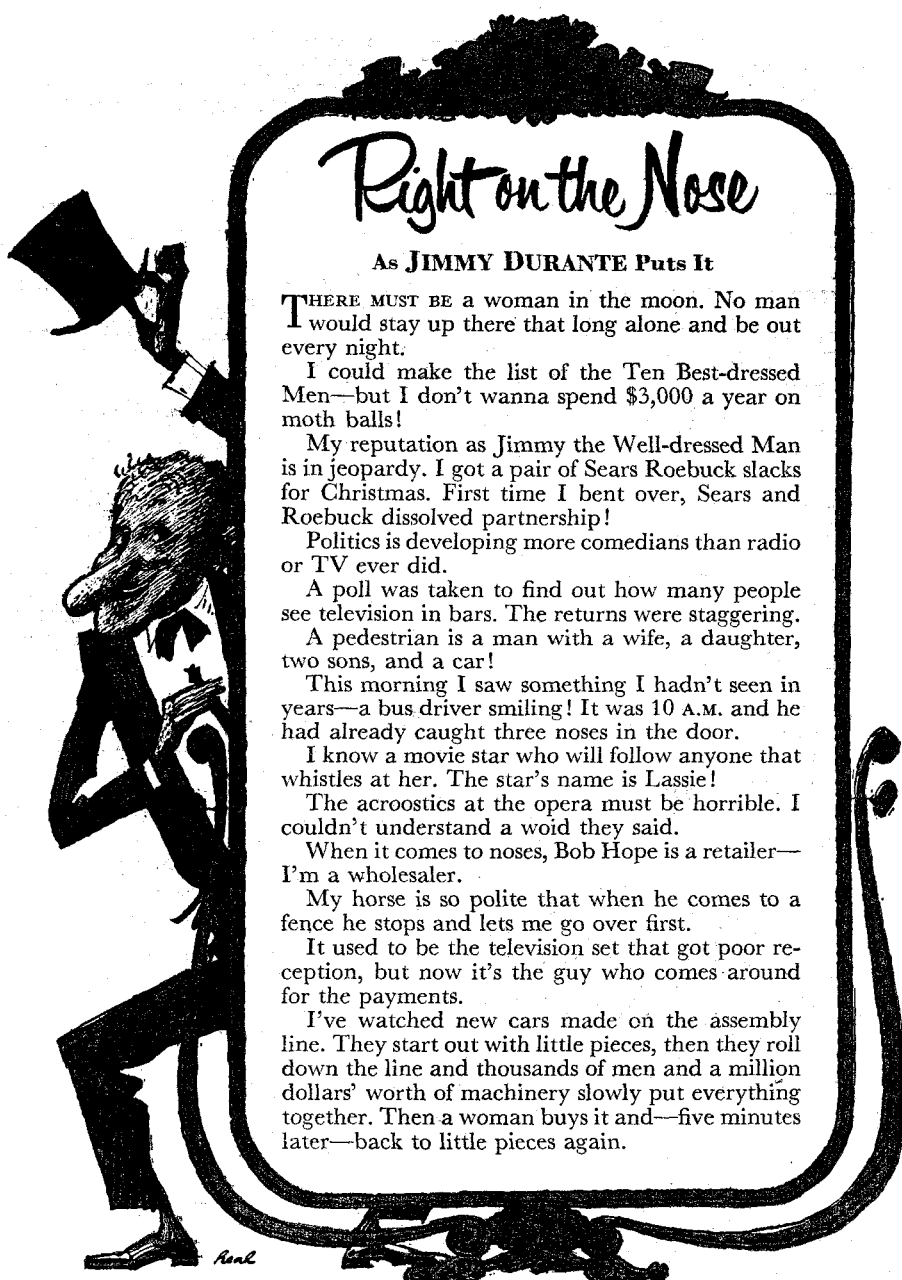
"Oh, very well, I don't mind waiting," the actor smiled pleasantly, and sat down.

The salesman hurried to the rear of the store and returned with the owner who strode up to the comfortably relaxed Sothorn and demanded, "Now, sir, just what is it you want?"

"Why, I just want to buy a two-bladed pocketknife . . ."

"But certainly, sir, right here in this case," answered the furious hardwareman, glaring at his thoroughly bewildered clerk.

—MARY ALKUS



Right on the Nose

As JIMMY DURANTE Puts It

THERE MUST BE a woman in the moon. No man would stay up there that long alone and be out every night.

I could make the list of the Ten Best-dressed Men—but I don't wanna spend \$3,000 a year on moth balls!

My reputation as Jimmy the Well-dressed Man is in jeopardy. I got a pair of Sears Roebuck slacks for Christmas. First time I bent over, Sears and Roebuck dissolved partnership!

Politics is developing more comedians than radio or TV ever did.

A poll was taken to find out how many people see television in bars. The returns were staggering.

A pedestrian is a man with a wife, a daughter, two sons, and a car!

This morning I saw something I hadn't seen in years—a bus driver smiling! It was 10 A.M. and he had already caught three noses in the door.

I know a movie star who will follow anyone that whistles at her. The star's name is Lassie!

The acroostics at the opera must be horrible. I couldn't understand a word they said.

When it comes to noses, Bob Hope is a retailer—I'm a wholesaler.

My horse is so polite that when he comes to a fence he stops and lets me go over first.

It used to be the television set that got poor reception, but now it's the guy who comes around for the payments.

I've watched new cars made on the assembly line. They start out with little pieces, then they roll down the line and thousands of men and a million dollars' worth of machinery slowly put everything together. Then a woman buys it and—five minutes later—back to little pieces again.

THE GUN BATTLE FOR ALCATRAZ



by JOHN WESLEY NOBLE

For 48 bloody hours, three desperate men made a spectacular fight for freedom

AT 1:30 ON THE AFTERNOON of May 2, 1946, Alcatraz Island Prison, shiplike squatter on San Francisco Bay, was settling into its after-lunch routine. Corrigible prisoners were at their duties, malcontents fretted safely under lock and key, and Warden James A. Johnston had gone to his quarters for a belated lunch.

Ten minutes later "The Rock" erupted into the most violent outbreak in Federal prison history.

The 48 hours that ensued before bloody order was restored on Saturday brought violent death to five men. Fifteen others were injured, some seriously. Trained sharpshooters flown from other prisons were held at bay by the rioters, and battle-trained U. S. Marines stormed ashore. Thousands of wide-eyed civilians on the San Francisco mainland had day-and-night ringside seats for a gun battle so spectacularly confusing that no one could follow it coherently.

The man who touched the fuse was Bernard Coy, an old Kentucky bank robber. A sinewy six-footer, amazingly agile for his 46 years, he sometimes "got a wild look" in his eyes when he studied the cells tiered up around him. Coy had 16 years more to do, and wasn't likely to go out legally for a long time.

Fomenting trouble, as usual, was dark-haired Joseph Paul Cretzer, still youthful at 35. He had been Bank Bandit No. 1, and had boasted that no prison could hold him. His lips could tighten in remorseless fury, as they had one day in court when he killed a U. S. marshal. Now, after months of brooding and plotting in solitary, Cretzer was back in his regular cell.

Another conspirator was Marvin Hubbard, 34, a drawling Alabama farm boy who had gotten mixed up in the kidnap of a policeman. A merciless gunman, he had already figured in other prison breaks.

No one suspected that sunny May

day that the weaknesses in The Rock's supposedly impregnable armor had been spotted. Nor that a general delivery of its nearly 300 escape-mad inmates would fail for three simple details.

At 1:30, Coy was pushing a broom athwart "Broadway," convict name for the main aisle through the island's towering cell house. Coy had qualified as cell-house orderly and had limited freedom inside the echoing hall. One other man, Officer William Miller, was loose on the floor, and he, prudently, was unarmed. Coy was edging carefully toward him.

Up in the cell tiers, three stories high, Cretzer's glittering dark eyes followed the old con's sidling move. Marv Hubbard, slouching over a table in the kitchen, slipped a butcher knife into his sleeve and drawled it was time for him to return to his lockup.

The only weapons inside Alcatraz' inner walls were with Guard Dean Burch, who was locked in the gun gallery, a floor-to-ceiling cage of bars. In a minute, as Cretzer was well aware, Burch would step through a steel doorway to inspect D Block, the dread isolation section. When he gave Coy a final glance and turned, he would be gone about 15 minutes.

At 1:40, Hubbard tapped on the cell-house door; Miller opened it and reached in to frisk him. Coy and Hubbard mauled the officer before he could cry out for help and tossed him into Cell 403—later to be called "Bloody 403." They snatched his key ring, but Miller, before losing consciousness, managed to hide one of the keys.

The convicts didn't know it, but

the cleverly hidden key was the first failure of their plot. They had planned, after getting all Miller's keys, to unlock prisoners in the main cell house, release 12 desperate men in isolation, crash out to the recreation courtyard, and make their getaway in the prison launch.

WITH GUARD BURCH still out of sight, Hubbard released prisoners as fast as he could turn keys. Coy came up with the most diabolical device known to penal life, a bar spreader made from plumbing fixtures and valve parts. He monkey-climbed the gallery bars to the ceiling, inserted his spreader and turned it with stolen pincers. Slowly the tooled-steel bars opened—enough to pass his gaunt body. Then he was inside the locked gallery, crouched behind the steel door.

Hubbard catcalled from the floor. The gun guard came running back to investigate. Coy strangled him with a necktie. He passed Burch's .45 pistol down to Cretzer, snatched the rifle—and suddenly convicts had the only weapons inside the prison walls!

They captured the Isolation Block officer and shoved him into Cell 403. Cretzer roved the isolation cells crying: "Where's Franklin?" Whitey Franklin, serving life for murder, was locked in dungeon-like solitary. Cretzer discovered now, to his dismay, that he didn't understand the electric cell control—he couldn't free a ringleader. A second detail of the plot had failed.

Meanwhile, Coy had wriggled out of the gun gallery after stripping it of weapons and a wooden club. He was carrying the rifle, and for the first time the dozen isolation

prisoners comprehended what was happening.

"The cons have taken over the joint!" they cried. "Let's go!"

Back they trooped to the main cell house, just in time to see Guard Burch, dazed, rising on the gun gallery. Cretzer smacked two shots over his head. "Lay down," he snarled, "or I'll kill you!"

Now they discovered the big hitch in their plot. None of Miller's keys unlocked the courtyard door. Cretzer went frantically through the keys, trying every one. The cell house echoed his profanity. He and Coy rushed back to 403 and searched Miller again. They beat him until he could only groan, but there was no other key. When Cretzer arose, there was despair in his voice: "Frisco's just as far away as ever!"

In that moment a mad-dog frenzy replaced the calculated escape scheme. Some convicts edged back to their cells. But Cretzer, Coy, and Hubbard had gone too far to turn back. They had guns, ammunition, and bestial fury for the walls that were thwarting them. Coy streaked through the corridors like a lean, gray wolf.

Three officers came into the cell house in the next few minutes. They were overpowered and jammed in the hostage cell before they could sound an alarm. It wasn't until 2:10 P.M.—30 minutes after the riot started—that a bathhouse officer discovered there was no guard in the cell house. He notified the Armory.

Capt. Henry Weinhold rushed in to investigate, with three officers. They were captured and dragged to the hostage cell. Meanwhile, Coy was in the kitchen with the rifle, firing on the tower guards. Cretzer

was raging in front of Cell 403. Weinhold kept saying: "You can't get away with it!"

"You mean somebody'll be killed?" snapped Cretzer.

"Yes."

"Then you'll be the first to die!"

Now Weinhold's absence was noted. Armorer Fish flashed Johnston's home. "Warden, there's trouble in the cell house!"

"Kick on the siren!"

As the wail screamed through the prison, Cretzer exploded. He shot Weinhold and loosed a fusillade in the crowded cell. Miller was fatally wounded. Three other officers fell.

Cretzer blazed away at the three guards in 403. Wounded men writhed on top of each other.

At about 2:30 the sound of the siren carried to motorists on the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge. The outside world began to wonder.

WARDEN JOHNSTON met Associate Warden Miller staggering from the front gate, half-blind, his face burned from a gas billy. He spoke the grimmest words in prison language: "A prisoner's loose in there—in an officer's uniform—with a gun!"

Johnston instantly posted his running guards. "Two men to the east gallery!" he snapped. "Keep them back from this front gate! Open it only on my personal order"—The 71-year-old warden hesitated—"or the associate warden's."

Quickly he radioed the Coast Guard and San Francisco police for armed boats to circle the island; ordered the Alcatraz launch away from the dock; notified the F.B.I. and telegraphed local newspapers and press associations.

Word of the stunning break flew

through the San Francisco Bay area. Thousands rushed to the water front to watch. The Marines offered help, were accepted immediately, and stormed ashore as they had on Iwo Jima, in full battle dress. Johnston sent them to the wall to control prisoners herded in the yard. A first-aid station was set up in his office.

Johnston now knew who the rebels were. His problem was to rescue the wounded hostages, then subdue the rioters. A lieutenant and five officers volunteered to rush the gun gallery, if others would lay down a volley from the front. They moved in. Guard Stites was shot dead in the first rush and three others were wounded, but they held the gallery.

By 9 P.M., the big cell house bilowed smoke. There were no lights. One convict gunner was ranging the cell tiers, firing at will. Another pinned down rescue parties by sniping from the top of C Block. Fourteen more guards volunteered to go in, and while the Marines watched with admiration, they slipped under the overhanging galleries to 402 and 403 and brought out the dead and wounded.

A weird battle raged throughout Thursday night. Though the break had failed, and some men had sneaked back to their cells, Coy, Cretzer, and Hubbard wanted more blood. Guards infiltrated the dark upper terraces and flashed lights down through the gloom. They couldn't locate the rioters, but bullets zinged back at them. The three convicts had retreated to the utility corridors—concrete trenches under the cell blocks—where wires and plumbing lines are buried.

A Marine officer and Associate

Warden Miller shot gas grenades through the ventilators and shouted for the men to come out. Their answer was a burst of shots.

Miller called for an electric drill, cut holes through the concrete roof, and the Marines dropped demolition grenades rushed from Benicia Arsenal. All through the night the officers dropped the grenades, and it seemed as if each one would bring down the building. But the convicts in their tunnel dodged the charges.

At 5:30 A.M. Friday, more officers went to the roof and drilled holes for the grenades. The Marines and Miller continued to pour antitank shells and rifle grenades over the tunnel. From the lawn outside, guards lobbed grenades through cell-house windows.

Some hit the grass near the side of the prison and started fires. Reports spread ashore that Alcatraz was burning. It spouted smoke and gas from every crack.

Famed San Quentin sent a special squad of guards. Prison sharpshooters planed into Hamilton Field and roared across the bay to the island in Army crash boats.

Still the three men fought back. Ducking in and out of their natural pillbox, they sniped at officers and burrowed when bombs fell. Like gophers in a run, they could scamper from side to side. Again, on Friday night, explosions shook the building and the cell house swam in swirling smoke and steam from broken pipes.

At 9 o'clock Friday night, Johnston called a cease fire. His men were exhausted. The convicts must be the same. "We can blast them out or starve them out," declared the warden. "By morning, they'll

be ready for suicide or surrender.” Then he manned all posts with fresh officers and told them to maintain a tight siege on the utility trench of C Block.

Zero hour was 7 A.M. Saturday. Two officers flung open the tunnel door and blasted the corridor with a barrage. It was dark, gloomy, and wet. Ruptured steampipes and water lines dripped rivulets. The officers shouted. There was no answer. They fired another barrage.

Finally, following a powerful searchlight with revolvers ready, they crawled into the corridor. It was 9:45 A.M.

Coy’s body came under the light. He was wearing Weinhold’s uniform coat, the loaded rifle beside him. In rigor mortis he was lying in shooting position. Cretzer was next, pistol at his side. He, too, was in an officer’s coat. Hubbard was the last, his body still warm.

Alcatraz was a shambles. Bullets, gas charges, bombs, and anti-

tank shells had blasted its massive hulk. It would have to be rebuilt.

Three startling facts came out that last bloody day: how close the daring plot came to succeeding (the margin of that key, failure to neutralize a single gun tower), and the fact that during all their battle, the rioters had only 50 rounds for their rifle and 21 for the pistol.

The third and most astonishing thing? When their mad-dog spree ended in death, the three desperate men actually were deeper inside grim old Alcatraz than any convict ever had been before, down in the very rocky bowels where convict lore says Spanish prisoners rotted in dripping dungeons.

Today, there are no dungeons on The Rock, but there still are about 230 escape-minded prisoners. And Johnston, now retired, knows better than any man that The Battle of Alcatraz proved nothing to them—except that Coy, Cretzer, and Hubbard didn’t quite make it.



Ad-Ventures



From an Ohio help-wanted column—“FACTORY: Girls, 18-26, local firms; must be able to pass eye test.”

—SELMA KLEIN

From the summer-resorts column of an Ohio paper—“VACATION ON LAKE ERIE. Rooms with kitchen privileges in modern cottage. Baby hitters available.”

—ELLA GRACE THORN

From an Illinois lost-and-found column—“LOST: Fountain pen, by lady half-full of blue ink.”

—E. O. MCCANN

From an Oregon dress-shop window—“Maternity Fashions for the Modern Miss.”

—GLORIA WOOLMAN

From a Pennsylvania paper—“For Rent: Bedroom, twin beds, suitable for middle-aged couple.”

—RUTH GRUNE

Quizmaster's Favorites

In the 15 years Bob Hawk has been tossing questions at typical audience contestants on his radio show (CBS, Mondays, 10:00-10:30 P.M., EST), he has collected some real puzzlers—questions asked over and over again. Some of these have never been answered correctly. Others finally rang the bell. Yet most Americans *still* can't answer them. Can you? (Answers on page 106.)



1. In Dickens' famous story, *A Christmas Carol*, the main character is a miser called Scrooge. What is his first name?

2. What does the "E" stand for in "Waves," the feminine branch of our Navy?

3. A congressman nearing the end of his term who isn't re-elected is known as what?

4. Admiral Richard E. Byrd is a great American aviator and explorer. What does the initial "E" stand for?

5. What is the name of the academic cap worn by graduating students?

6. According to Sir Isaac Newton, any two material particles, if free to move, will be accelerated towards each other. This theory of Newton's is called what?

7. On which side of a U.S. dollar does the signature of the Treasurer appear?

8. "The Three Professions" and "The Learned Professions" refer to theology, medicine, and what other profession?

9. What U.S. Government Service keeps the Statue of Liberty's torch lighted?

10. George Washington loved and married Martha —?

11. What flower stands for fame?

12. A professor who has honorably retired from office but is retained on the academic rolls is called professor what?

13. Spell the words that "etc." stands for.

14. What word designates the combined continents of Europe and Asia?

15. If you wrongfully took money entrusted to you, the charge against you would be what?

16. A piece of furniture usually found in boudoirs is called a chaise-something, starting with the letter "L." Can you spell the last portion of that word?



AS THE TIGHTLY PACKED elevator descended, graying Mrs. Morton became increasingly furious with her husband standing beside her. His face was flushed with delight—because the blonde girl was crowded against him.

As the elevator stopped at the main floor, the blonde suddenly whirled, slapped Mr. Morton, and said: "I'll teach you to pinch."

Bewildered, and no longer aglow, Mr. Morton was halfway to the parking lot with his wife, when he choked: "I—I didn't pinch that girl."

"Of course you didn't," said his wife consolingly. "I did."

WHEN LITTLE JOHNNIE arrived at the church to attend the Thanksgiving service, he was greeted by his Sunday-school teacher with the cheerful remark: "Well, Johnnie, I suppose you have a great deal to be thankful for today?"

"I'll say I have!" the youngster exclaimed. "I'm thankful that Christmas will soon be here!"

—Wall Street Journal

THE OLD DOCTOR had never refused a summons from rich or poor, but now he was tired.

"Have you any money?" he asked the midnight caller.

"Certainly," was the reply.

"Then go to the new doctor. I'm too old to get out of bed for anybody who can pay for it."

—United Mine Workers Journal

A CERTAIN CHORUS GIRL doesn't like to be told she married a millionaire. "I didn't marry a millionaire," she says, "I made him a



millionaire." Asked what he was before she married him, she explains: "A multimillionaire." —IRVING HOFFMAN

OF A HULA DANCER who appeared on a recent NBC "You Bet Your Life" program, quizmaster Groucho Marx asked: "Just what is a hula?"

"It tells a story by dancing," said the lady.

"And all this time," Groucho pondered, "I've been wasting my time reading books!" —NBC

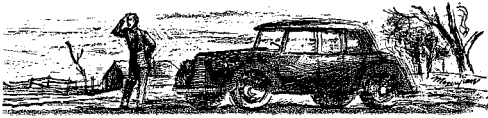
DRIVING INTO Houston recently, a lonely New Englander was introduced to a Texan who had just brought in another gusher on a farm inherited from an old aunt.

"How's business down here?" inquired the New Englander, intending to promote companionship.

"Brother," replied the Texan, "down here we do more business by accident than you do up North on purpose." —Ford Times

AT THE DEMOCRATIC RALLY in Madison Square Garden just before Franklin D. Roosevelt's reelection for a third term, Lucy Monroe sang the national anthem as it had never been sung before, and the applause was deafening. She bowed and retired to her seat on the platform—but the applause and the cheers gained in volume.

Share It



Again and again she bowed—and now there was pandemonium—cheers, shrieks, torn paper flying.

Overwhelmed, Miss Monroe bowed right and left—until one of the dignitaries on the platform tugged at her arm and whispered: “Miss Monroe—I think you had better step aside. The President is right in back of you!”

—LOUIS SOBOL

SHORTLY BEFORE one of the world series games, a ten-year-old girl was discovered in the press box, writing busily away on a pad of yellow paper. A scandalized usher touched her on the shoulder and demanded: “Don’t you know this section is reserved for newspapermen and correspondents? You’ll have to get out.”

“But I’m a correspondent,” the little girl protested.

“Oh, you are, are you?” retorted the usher sarcastically. “And just what publication do you represent, may I ask?”

“Child Life,” was the answer—and she did!

—DAN BENNETT

A MAGICIAN seeking booking at Radio City Music Hall asserted: “I’ve got a trick that will panic them.”

“What is it?” asked the manager.

“I saw a woman in half,” announced the magician.

“Call that a new trick?” scoffed the manager. “Why, they’ve been

doing that around here for years.”

“Oh, yeah?” countered the magician. “Lengthwise?” —BENNETT CERF

WHEN PRESIDENT TRUMAN flipped a silver dollar at last year’s Army-Navy game to see which side would kick off, a spectator remarked: “Isn’t that just like a Democrat—using a dollar where a dime would do.”

—ARTHUR GODFREY

A YOUNG WOMAN who had joined with several of her friends in an infinitesimally small mercantile enterprise was asked what her position was in the organization.

“Oh, I’m the assistant treasurer,” she proudly announced.

“My goodness!” rejoined her interrogator. “Is your business so large that you have to have two people to handle the money?”

“Oh, no,” came the laughing reply. “It’s so small it takes two to find the money.”

—CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

THE BOBBY-SOXER played a new be-bop recording on the phonograph. Turning to her father, who had settled down comfortably to read the evening paper, she exclaimed: “Oh-o-o, have you ever heard anything like it?”

He looked up and drawled: “Not really, dear. The closest thing to it I ever heard was when a truck loaded with empty cans ran into a truck full of hogs.”

—CHRIS BENSON

Why not send your funny story to “Grin and Share It” Editor, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

Will *Margaret Chase Smith* Ever Be President?



by ANN FIELDS

The forthright lady Senator from Maine may go even higher up the political ladder

ON TODAY'S political horizon, a recurrent speculation is this: "How soon will we have a woman President?" Perhaps the lady most responsible for this speculation is a quiet, unassuming, but potent politico named Margaret Chase Smith, U. S. Senator from Maine.

In September, 1949, the highly informed Jack Lait, editor of the New York *Daily Mirror*, reported that a group of top Republicans met in secret conclave to discuss Mrs. Smith as the Vice-Presidential nominee in 1952. Next day, the Washington *Daily News* reported the same. Editorials appeared in prominent papers across the country. But when reporters descended upon Senator Smith, she said calmly: "They haven't taken me into their confidence."

In Yankee shrewdness, discretion,

and wit, Margaret Chase Smith is well endowed. Once when she was asked on a television program, "What would you do if you woke up one morning and found yourself in the White House?"—poker-faced Margaret replied: "I'd go right to Mrs. Truman and apologize. Then I'd go home."

The qualifications and ten-year political record of the respected lady from Maine would tend to back up the judgment of top Republicans that she is eminently fitted for the high office of Vice-President. American in birth, bearing, upbringing, and even name, Margaret Smith has political savvy that is not based on gush and glitter. Rather, its foundation is a composite of square-dealing, conscientious effort, directness, and complete sincerity.

Her campaign and victory for the

Senate was one of the most amazing in political history. With only a high-school education, with little more than a shoestring to back her, she went out singlehanded to beat a highly organized and moneyed combination.

Her victory took the national election off the front page and put Margaret on. Said the staid *Boston Post*: "Politically, she's the biggest, bang-up, sockeroo New England story since Calvin Coolidge."

The background of Mrs. Smith does indeed make her election to the Senate a "sockeroo story." It is proof, too, that a conscientious American of either sex and from almost any walk of life can, by truthfulness and a scrupulous attention to the public welfare, become one of the nation's leading statesmen.

At 13, Margaret was clerking in a five-and-ten-cent store. From there, she went to work as a telephone operator, finally graduating into the clerical department where the pay was better. After she was graduated from high school, she taught in a one-room rural school for \$8.25 a week. Later, she boosted circulation for a weekly newspaper, and finally became office manager of a woolen mill.

Her political education began when her husband, Clyde H. Smith, worked his way through Maine politics to the House of Representatives in Washington. She served as his secretary. At his death she was elected, as are many widows, to fill his unexpired term. To most of her friends, and to Maine politicians as well, this indicated the end of her political career.

When she finished the term, there

was some surprise when she ran again. There was none when she was elected, for she had done a sound, if not spectacular, job for her constituents. Her Senate victory, however, focused national attention on the woman who had unobtrusively built a popular support that astounded old-line politicians.

To the surprise of Maine and the amazement of Washington, the girl whom they had considered a mouse had turned into a lion—a gentle lion, true, but firm as granite, with Solomon's wisdom and Job's patience. Pondering the 1952 election, they found one name sticking out almost unanimously for the coveted nomination for Vice-President.

Margaret Smith has not only proven that sharpshooting for votes is an art in which she excels, but she could probably teach Dale Carnegie a few tricks on how to win friends and influence people. Almost as popular with Democrats as with Republicans, she is a welcome guest at all Washington shindigs. She sat at President Truman's left at his Inaugural Ball. Vice-President Barkley is one of her friends and fans. The press on all sides has had nothing but praise for the gracious lady from Maine.

THERE HAS BEEN much speculation on Mrs. Smith's political philosophy since her overwhelming victory as Senator. Assured now that she is in politics to stay, commentators and analysts are delving deeply into her record and thinking. One commentator has suggested that she paradoxically enjoys a "liberal reputation" without a liberal voting record.

Mrs. Smith has an answer to that:

she wants no part of being placed in the "liberal" camp.

"I don't think people know what they mean when they use the term," she says flatly. "Besides, I'd rather be known as an independent, and I think that is what my record really shows."

The major event that led up to all this attention was Margaret's Cinderella campaign for the Senate. Her two chief foes in the Republican primary, Gov. Horace Hildreth and former Gov. Sumner Sewall, were politically powerful vote-getters and amply financed. Obviously, Margaret appeared doomed to defeat. But with a firm conviction that her record in Congress was good, her character and reputation untouchable, this resolute woman set out on one of the strangest campaigns ever witnessed.

Having to hold down her job in Congress during the week, while her opponents made political hay, Margaret would take off for Maine on week ends to do her solitary campaigning. After reaching Portland and making the 100-mile trip to her home in Skowhegan, she would get behind the wheel of her coupé and hit the road.

The places she went, the people to whom she spoke, amazed and amused her seasoned opponents. She visited high schools, homes, little groups of people in a church or hall—any place where there was an audience. She had no campaign manager. She drove alone, paid her own gasoline bills, went plodding indefatigably onward.

Throughout all her seemingly fruitless campaigning, country folk—the canny, silent, hard-to-know people in little villages—listened to

her, then went home and made up their minds. Rooted in their own rugged soil, she understood them, and they her.

If caught out late at night, she would go to a farmhouse and ask to spend the night. The woman with her arm in a cast (she had broken it early in the campaign when she slipped on an icy street) became as familiar in out-of-the-way places as did Eleanor Roosevelt in her travels during World War II.

One day, the opposition awakened to the amazing fact that the hard-working innocent was winning votes, and the fight grew bitter. The opposition attempted a smear campaign by accusing Margaret of voting in Congress too far to the left; in fact, an almost-communist vote was hinted.

Her reaction was typical of Margaret Smith's straightforward way of doing things. In a 25-minute address before the Republican Women of Somerset County, she took up the accusation point for point and quoted her record and vote. The truth was so convincing that her method became a classic answer to procommunist smears.

Through the closing days of the rough-and-tumble campaign, Margaret Smith moved with unruffled calm to "beat the tar out of the lot of them," as an old lobster fisherman put it. Beat them she did, with one of the most whopping majorities ever rolled up. Worn, but triumphant, she did no gloating over her saddened but wiser opponents. She said simply: "I'm more surprised than anyone, and certainly a very happy woman."

There had been little in the background of the girl from Maine to

suggest to any of her former classmates or career associates that she had such abilities. However, the clues were there for any keen observer to see.

Born at Skowhegan in 1897, she was the eldest of six children. After graduation from high school in 1916, she took up rural teaching, then got the clerical position with the telephone company. In 1919, she became associated with the *Independent-Reporter*, and soon was doing about everything there was to do for a person with the title of circulation manager.

After seven years of newspaper work, Margaret had learned how to talk diplomatically on a phone, take notes, soothe hornet-voiced subscribers, and concentrate on her duties at the same time. In 1928, she became office manager for the Daniel E. Cummings Company. Skowhegan remembers her at this period as an attractive, ambitious young woman, who was always pleasant but could be firm.

Then, in May, 1930, came the turning point in Margaret Chase's life. She married Clyde H. Smith.

At the time, Smith was a businessman in Bangor, but he had already served in the State House and Senate, and had been sheriff of Somerset County. She proved a wonderful hostess in the big mansion on Fairview Avenue, but showed no tendencies toward active politics other than her job as an elective member of the Republican State Committee.

When Smith was elected in 1936 to the House of Representatives, Margaret became his secretary in Washington, frequently working 15 hours a day. Then, in 1940, he was

stricken with coronary thrombosis. Margaret worked night and day, taking care of his office affairs.

When it became obvious that Smith was a very sick man, he asked his constituents to make possible the continuance of his policies by electing his "partner in public life" as his successor. This was done, but on April 8, Clyde Smith died. Margaret was on her own.

In spite of grief and strain, Margaret remembered to provide a bus and tickets to send all Waterville seniors to a park outing as a graduation present. When the principal told her she shouldn't have bothered, she replied: "Clyde would have liked it."

The people back home remembered many such things about Margaret when the Governor called for a special election to fill her husband's vacancy. She was elected.

MARGARET SMITH has been in Washington ever since. She has not trod the party line, but rather has shown courage in matters concerning the general welfare. She believes firmly in military preparedness, in the UN, and in the Marshall Plan. A seasoned traveler now, she covered almost the whole world as a member of the House Naval Affairs Committee.

One of her greatest victories came out of a seeming greatest defeat. After a long, hard fight to push through legislation improving the status of women in the Armed Services, the first vote of her committee was against her, 26 to 1. Not discouraged, she went painstakingly to work again. The bill was made a law in the spring of 1948.

At all times showing a sturdy,

independent spirit, she says frankly: "I don't think we should set our minds against a bill because it's Democratic. If it's a good bill and our support would enhance our record, we should vote for it."

Her policy of "compromise and patience" to achieve fuller aims has paid off in giving her a prestige in Washington never before accorded a woman. Her importance as a world figure is evident in the committees she has served on, including the Senate's vital Policy Committee. In the combined total of such prestige assignments, Margaret Smith has been almost a pioneer woman. Reminded of this, she gives the reason why:

"Yes, we women have come a long way in the last hundred years. But we must remain ever alert to our civic responsibilities from the standpoint of equality—not from

perpetuated feminine privileges."

In personal appearance, Senator Smith is difficult to describe. There is an elusive quality about her. She is five feet four inches in height. Her hair is a beautiful gray, short and wavy. Her face is clean-cut, her skin soft and clear. She speaks in carefully worded sentences. While she is irresistibly alive and alert, she gives an impression of depth, of determination.

High on a hill overlooking the Kennebec River, in the town where she was born, Senator Smith has built her home. Not pretentious, the one-story rambling house is waiting for the "sometime" occupancy of the Senator from Maine. However, there are many who feel there is a much larger White House waiting for the quiet, thoughtful woman, who is bringing a new humanity to high political office.

According to Regulations

JANE DAVIES was one of many girl pilots in the British Air Transport Auxiliary during World War II. When the medical officer said she was going to have a baby and would have to stop flying, Jane asked pertly if there was anything in the regulations about pilots not having babies.

Jane loved flying and intended to continue flying as long as possible, in spite of the medical officer's well-meant attempts to have her grounded. Her husband, a Coastal Command pilot, agreed that it was only reasonable to give any offspring of theirs a flying start.

So Third Officer Davies continued ferrying aircraft from one place

to another while the wheels of officialdom ground. There was little doubt about the ultimate outcome, but there was a great deal of conjecture concerning the manner in which it would be accomplished.

At last the ultimatum appeared in daily orders: "Third Officer Jane Davies, relieved of flying duties as of this date, according to—" specifying chapter and paragraph of the regulations.

We dashed for the nearest set to find out the exact words which had struck her down.

There they were—brief, definite, final: "Third Officer pilots are not allowed to carry passengers."

—H. R. PATERSON



The Taxi Passenger

by REUBEN HECHT

It was easy to see she was deep in trouble; here is a poignant story from a cab driver's diary

DRIVING A New York cab may not be the softest touch in the world, but there's one thing about the job you can't beat—you meet interesting people.

For example, on a recent afternoon I picked up a fare outside Central Park. Not the kind of woman you could easily describe: she wasn't beautiful, but then she wasn't bad looking. I guessed she was about 27, give or take a year.

"Just drive through the park, please," she said.

I went once around, then slowed down. Again she said, "Just keep on driving through the park."

I looked at her a couple of times in the rear-view mirror and I could see she wasn't on a sight-seeing tour. She had something on her mind.

"I could park for awhile," I said, "and give this meter a rest. They can be shut off, you know."

She looked up and cocked her head to the side. "Thank you, no. I'm not worried about the fare."

"Would you rather I kept quiet?"

She was on the point of saying yes. Then she changed her mind and said: "No, indeed. I wish you would keep on talking."

Funny thing, but that kind of put me on a spot. I found myself with nothing to say.

She helped me out by asking,



"What do they call you—Ruby?"

I glanced back at her; she was looking at my name on the license over the partition. "That's it," I said. "Never anything else. My wife was the only one who ever called me Reuben."

I hadn't meant to say it. I'd been avoiding, even in my thoughts, any reference to my wife. But now that the gate was open, I kept on remembering and I kept on talking.

I told my passenger a lot of things I'd never told anyone else. Not even my wife, because somehow it always seemed that there would be time for it later. And then, one day, there wasn't any time left. . . .

I told her about how my wife pushed me into writing my book. Me, a guy with so little education that I never finished filling out my first school notebook. I was scared stiff to begin with, even though I knew I had the material. That's what the book was about, the people I met in my cab. And I told her about a lot of other things that go into a life two people share. She

was listening now, so closely that she seemed to have forgotten her own problem. I felt it was doing her good, and I knew it was helping me, talking this way. I'd been bottling up my feelings for too long. The stopper was due to go.

I told her about how we'd met, and about my wife's father. He'd made it plenty tough for me at first. Couldn't see his daughter married to a hackie. But he was wrong when he'd said we had no future. Sure, I was still driving a hack. There were plenty of possessions we never had. But we had everything that really mattered.

I don't know how many times we went around the park. Then finally the woman said, "Ruby, I'm ready to go back now." She gave me an address on East 39th.

The traffic got tough, and I didn't say anything all the way downtown. I pulled up in front of the number she had given me. She paid me and I gave her the change.

"I hope I've done you some good," I said. "I know that talking to you has made me feel better."

"You have, Ruby. A great deal. I'd just come from my doctor when I called you. I thought the whole world was coming to an end. Now I know it's not. It's just me that is leaving. My husband will go on, and maybe he'll talk about me some day the way you've been talking about your wife. And I'm going to hang on to that for the few months I've got left."

She leaned over and touched my hand. "Thank you," she said. And then she was gone.



Symbol of Service

THE RED FEATHER, which millions of Americans will be wearing this month as contributors to Community Chest drives, was chosen because it has for centuries been displayed as a symbol of service or achievement. When knighthood was in flower, a red plume in the helmet was the sign its wearer had performed an unusual act of chivalry. In the Orient, legend has it, a robe of carefully selected red feathers could be worn only by those who had contributed outstanding service to their communities. In Hawaii, a red-feather head-dress was permitted only to chiefs and those of royal blood.

Three quarters of the feathers used in Community Chest drives are from the ducks. The rest are goose feathers. Only ten wing feathers from each duck or goose are suitable for Community Chest purposes. Pigeon feathers have been tried too, but are much less amenable because half of them bend to the left and will not ride well on a man's hatband.

It took more than 2,000,000 birds to supply the 20,000,000 feathers which this year will be handed to donors to Community Chests; this huge number of plumes will weigh a total of some 20,000 pounds.

—PATRICIA GATELY

Germany's Fighter for



by NAN ROBERTSON BAUM

Dr. Rainer Hildebrandt is the fearless leader of a powerful anti-Russian underground

IT IS 7:45 P.M., Berlin time. In an unnumbered studio at RIAS, the American Sector's radio station, a nameless man leans toward a microphone and speaks to the Soviet Zone: "*Achtung* Weimar! *Achtung* Weimar! You are warned. Hans Schleimer, about 33 years old, works closely with the MVD . . . People of Halle! Ernst Schmidt has betrayed six of your townsmen to the Soviet authorities . . . *Achtung* Leipzig! *Achtung*!"

Midnight. A shadow separates from a black alleyway, glides along a building, stops a moment, melts back into the darkness. Splashed in red across the door of East Zone Magdeburg's communist headquarters is an "F" for Freedom.

The hands on a clock in Soviet-occupied Dresden point to 4 P.M. A Communist Party bigwig fumbles in a pocket for his notes, steps to the podium to address a stooge audience. Scrawled across the top of his papers is: "Down with the Soviet

terror regime in East Germany!"

Although these calling cards are unsigned, the Reds know who gave their spies' names to RIAS; whose agents splattered "F" on their headquarters and shoved the paper protest into the communist's notes. His name is muttered with loathing by the Russians, with hope by East Germans. The Party would give 3,000 Westmarks to get the man they fear most in Germany: Dr. Rainer Hildebrandt, 36-year-old leader of the "Fighting Group Against Inhumanity."

Hildebrandt looks like Hollywood's dream of a Spanish matador. He has intense black eyes; a lean, predatory face; smooth olive skin; and flashing white teeth bared constantly in a mocking grin. His cloak-and-rapier tactics in East Germany have the Soviets snorting like a frustrated bull.

Almost alone, and in only two years' time, Hildebrandt has built up the most potent anticommunist

underground now operating in the Soviet Zone. His contacts pin-point East Germany from the Baltic Sea to Poland and Czechoslovakia. Hildebrandt's Fighters are everywhere. Their "Freiheit" handbills are plastered on subway trains sliding into the Soviet Sector of Berlin; slapped on the backs of East Zone "people's police"; exploded in rockets over Red Germany. They infiltrate communist cells. They know the way in, out—and under—each of the 13 Soviet Zone concentration camps where 96,000 East Germans have died since 1945.

In a certain East German city, a telephone girl planted at the switchboard of MVD headquarters has made it her business to snoop on a few key conversations. Sixty out of 100 intended victims in that city are nabbed by Soviet secret police. The rest escape—warned in time by the operator.

In Hildebrandt's Berlin files are maps of the Hohenschönhausen and Jamlitz prison camps, pictures of death trains jammed with deportees for Russia, and last wills of dying prisoners. They came into Berlin in the heel of a Fighter's shoe, sewed into linings and shoulder pads, drawn in indelible ink on a Fighter's stomach.

HILDEBRANDT knows more about the Soviet Zone than anyone in Germany today. But few know him. His present friends are nameless, faceless men working deep inside East Germany. Comrades of the past are dead—killed in the resistance movement against Hitler.

Ask anyone in Berlin today about Hildebrandt: ask American Army intelligence officers, the U.S. con-

sul. They aren't talking. In fact the only person who will talk about Hildebrandt is Hildebrandt.

It is known that he is subsidized by the West Berlin city government; that the West German Federal government at Bonn gives him money; that the International Rescue Committee in New York is raising funds for the Fighting Group. Money, in pfennigs and one-mark notes, comes in from both Soviet Zone families and West Germans.

One thing is sure. Hildebrandt is reckless of his own safety. On nice days he bicycles between his home and the Fighters' West Berlin headquarters two miles away—a clay pigeon for a gun, a car, a chloroformed gag. His only constant companion is his Hungarian shepherd dog Kati—a gentle hound that will offer her paw to any stranger.

Twice, East German thugs, paid by communist agents, tried to kidnap Hildebrandt from West Berlin. The first attempt was in 1949, shortly after Hildebrandt launched his "F" campaign in the Russian Zone.

June 23, 1949, was a scorcher. Just before 3 P.M., two black Mercedes cars swung into a side road a block from Hildebrandt's house. The plan was simple. The Reds knew that Hildebrandt ate lunch at home and bicycled back to his office along a certain road.

One car filled with thugs was to pass Hildebrandt on his bicycle and sideswipe him. The second car was to follow, pick up and chloroform the stunned man, and take him to East Berlin.

As the men waited, motors idling, their eyes were fixed on the empty road. But someone else was watching with equal interest: an inquisi-

tive Hausfrau washing her bedroom window in a rambling villa 100 yards away. At 6 o'clock, her husband called West Berlin police.

Quietly, the prowling cars surrounded the block. When they started to move in, the first Mercedes screeched between two police vehicles and sped off. The second car was trapped. One of its four occupants confessed that they were agents for the Soviet secret police.

Only a lucky hunch saved Hildebrandt that day. He had decided not to bicycle back to his office.

The communists' second try almost succeeded. It was nearly dark on March 9, 1950, when Hildebrandt kissed his four-year-old son good-bye and left for a meeting at West Berlin's Free University. Hildebrandt jammed his long frame behind the wheel of his tiny Volkswagen and started the motor. Behind him, about 20 feet down the street, a pretty, dark-haired girl in a beret lit a cigarette.

As Hildebrandt drove toward the intersection near his house, two high-powered Horch cars, coming from opposite directions, roared toward each other at right angles to Hildebrandt's machine. He stepped on the gas and sped through the rapidly narrowing gap.

"I thought I had merely averted a traffic accident. I didn't realize what they were planning until one of the men in the plot gave himself up voluntarily to West Berlin police later that week.

"The girl, a Red agent, was late in signaling the cars. The plot was to block the road and force me at gunpoint into one of the cars."

Hildebrandt grinned as he recounted these incidents. Obviously,

he relishes his scrapes with danger. He has played a game with it for 11 years.

Hildebrandt learned to hate terrorist regimes under the Nazis. He was born in Stuttgart in 1914. His mother, Lily, a Jew, barely escaped the concentration camps; his father, Hans, an art professor at Stuttgart University, was kicked out of his job by the Nazis in 1937.

Hildebrandt entered the University of Berlin in 1936, and ultimately took up the study of politics. The year 1940 was the turning point in his life. That June he met Dr. Albrecht Haushofer, then teaching politics at the university—a bull-necked, vital man. It was he who conceived the plan to kill Hitler.

This was the kind of action Hildebrandt wanted, so he became Haushofer's contact man—pipeline to the Foreign Office and other resistance groups. Then, in 1942, Hildebrandt was drafted. While at the Wehrmacht interpreter's school at Meissen, he spoke to colleagues on Oswald Spengler's *Years of Decision*, a book which indicated that Hitler could not win the war. He was switched a few days later to an infantry unit on the Polish frontier.

Afraid of arrest, Hildebrandt deserted and pedaled to Berlin on a guard's stolen bicycle. A Haushofer contact got him a hotel room under an assumed name. On April 13, there was a knock on the door. Hildebrandt, thinking a friend was bringing food, opened it.

"Before me, pointing guns at my head, were three Gestapo agents. I packed my bag. Then they handcuffed my wrists together and put the valise in my hands. I smashed it into the face of the Gestapo man

before me and ran out the door before the others could shoot."

Hildebrandt dashed down five flights of stairs and sprinted down the street. Fifty yards away, he tripped and fell. Next moment a heel was on his neck, and they took him away.

Hildebrandt was marched out of prison in 1944 and sent to the Eastern front as punishment. Then, on July 20, the plot to bomb Hitler failed. Haushofer disappeared, and Hildebrandt was arrested again, since the Nazis thought he knew of Haushofer's hideout.

The airtight alibi furnished by his 14 months in jail set him free. He was sent back to the Polish front, and deserted for the second time the following February. Until the war's end, he remained in hiding.

In 1946, Hildebrandt began amassing information on beatings, controlled starvation, and trumped-up arrests in the Soviet Zone. By the time the Russian blockade closed over Berlin in 1948, Hildebrandt had a clear picture of conditions in the Soviet Zone and documents to prove it. He went to RIAS.

On August 6, 1948, East Germans first heard his shrill, resonant voice over the U.S.-sponsored radio in Berlin: "Fellow countrymen! We are organizing to help you! We plan to broadcast the truth about conditions in the Soviet Zone."

He and Ernst Tillich, his closest collaborator, presented two escapees from Sachsenhausen as radio guests. They were the first of many East Germans who volunteered to broadcast with Hildebrandt. Forty of them form the core of the Fighters Against Inhumanity.

As time goes on, the work of the Fighters becomes more dangerous. Men can go across the East-West border just so often—then they are caught. Hildebrandt himself hasn't dared to go into the Soviet Sector of Berlin since the summer of 1948. His picture is on file in every East German office of the MVD.

The stucco villa which is Fighters headquarters in the American Sector is only a ten-minute walk from the Russian Zone. Each of the 40-man staff works under ten aliases. Unknown visitors are screened, then interviewed in a sort of confession booth. An iron grille between the interviewer and his visitor hides the Fighter's face. The West Berlin city government has assigned police guards to patrol the grounds, 24 hours a day.

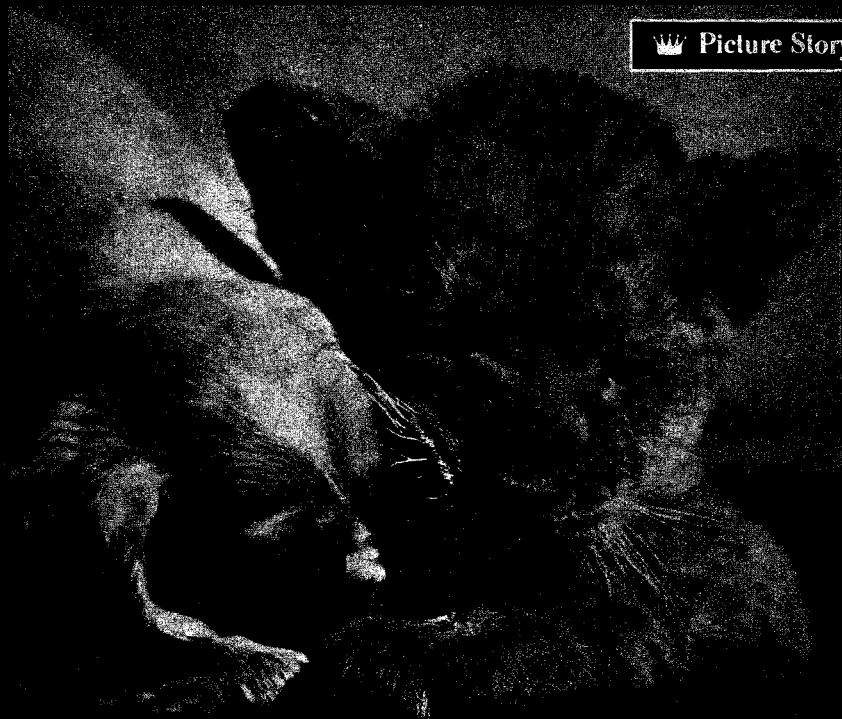
Meanwhile, Hildebrandt remains mockingly scornful of danger. But he has gambled often with trouble, and the odds are slimmer these days. The communists play for keeps. Next time he may not win.

Until then, he remains the man the Russians fear most in Germany.



Quizmaster's Favorites (Answers to quiz on page 93)

1. Ebenezer; 2. Emergency (Women's Appointed Volunteer *Emergency* Service); 3. Lame Duck; 4. Evelyn; 5. Mortarboard; 6. Law of gravitation; 7. Portrait side, lower left; 8. Law; 9. National Park Service of the Dept. of Interior; 10. Custis; 11. Laurel; 12. Emeritus; 13. Et cetera; 14. Eurasia; 15. Embezzlement; 16. *Longue*.



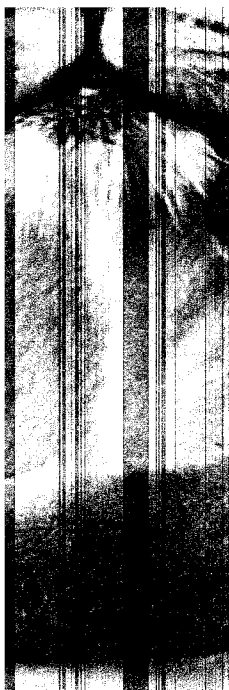
Animal Love

A FAMILIAR PART of our everyday world, animals share among themselves another world that will always be a little amazing to us—the warm world of animal love.

For example, a peaceful Kansas City home recently became the scene of a strange attachment and sudden tension—all because a monkey became enamored of a kitten. When Judy fell for Gundrop, she fell hard and reacted decisively: no one else was permitted near the kitten (a cocker spaniel that tried got

his ears boxed). Promptly at nightfall, Judy rocked Gundrop to sleep in her arms (it never mattered if puss wasn't sleepy).

In the animal kingdom, such an odd liaison is not unusual. Like people, animals prefer company to solitude, and company—anyone's company—often blossoms into heartfelt friendship. When an animal's maternal instinct is also aroused, the result is love as imperious and unreasoning as anything conceived by playwrights and poets.



OUT FEAR, lion cubs
mother to bare their
their earliest play is
ness brings a small
ses them with it. B



ANYONE WHO has seen an orangutan breast-feeding her baby knows that mother love gives even the homeliest animal a kind of beauty. The female cradles her child with deft, sure hands. In the manner of all simians, she kisses and hugs her baby, carries him from place to place on her back, and croons him to sleep with a tuneless jungle lullaby. Orang and chimp fathers are unique in mammaldom: they participate in bringing up baby. They share food and disciplinary responsibilities and, in the event of the mother's death, assume her functions, too. In the Berlin Zoological Gardens, a rhesus monkey died soon after childbirth. Next morning, zoo attendants found her infant cuddled at the father's side. From then on, the venerable male never let the youngster out of sight until he had reached monkey adulthood.

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MALE SEA LIONS are the glamour boys of the ocean. Consorting happily all winter long, they become deadly enemies in the spring. Landing at mating grounds, they stake out a territory and battle each other cruelly to keep it inviolate. Every self-respecting sea lion requires a harem of at least a dozen females. But defending them against "wolves" is exhausting, and by the time the mating season is over, males are a mass of scars from relentless fighting. Then, at a mysterious signal, they take off *en masse* for mid-ocean. The females are abandoned with the pups, born each spring from the previous year's liaisons. These youngsters remain at mother's side, growing more and more bellicose, until sons join the winter friendship and summer fray, and daughters are prepared for the next Battle of the Harem.

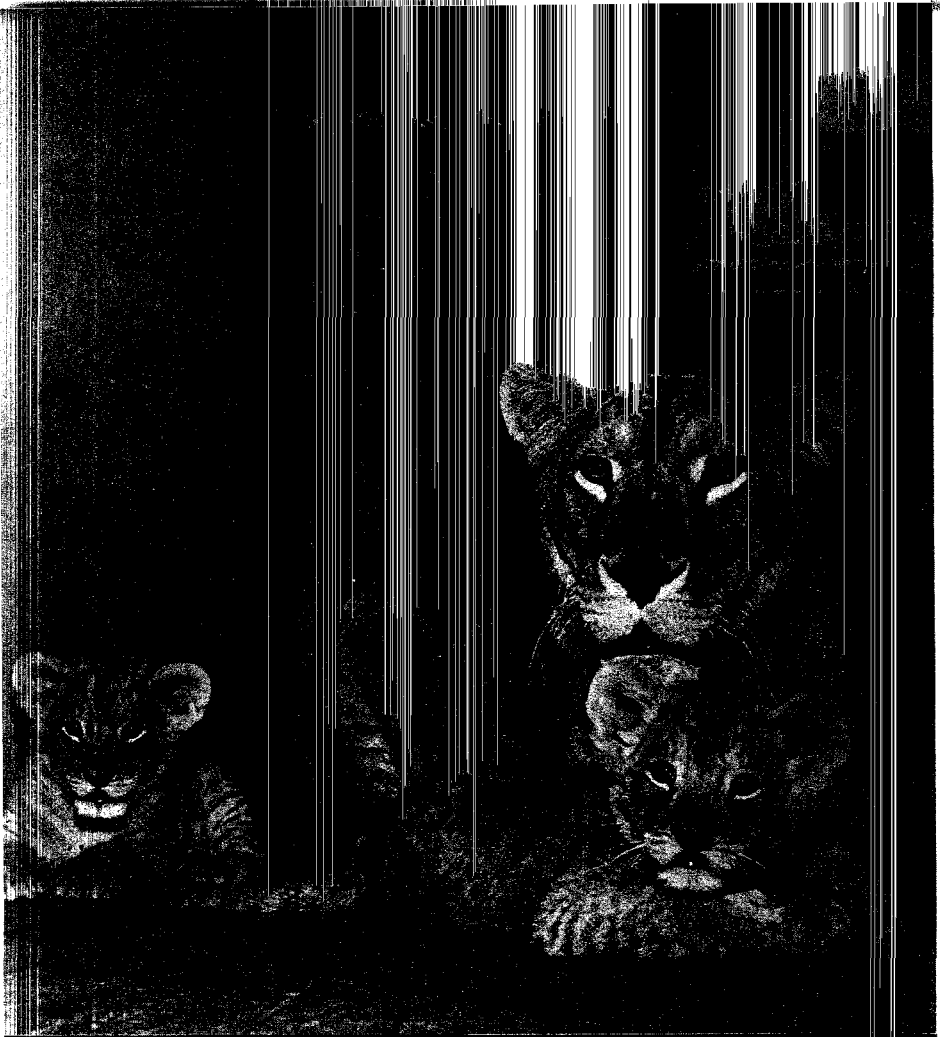


LIKE THE SEA LION, the male deer surrounds himself with a good-sized harem. There the similarity ends. Deer society is primarily matriarchal. The herd leader is almost always an old doe. Among some antelope, an elaborate sentry system is manned by females; social standards prescribe that bucks wait until the does have grazed on a new feeding ground. Nor does all this stem from any inherent timidity. The advent of the mating season and the concurrent growth of his antlers will start a buck snorting and pawing the ground. Like many other timid creatures, the fawn is conceived in the fall and born into a warm, fruitful summer world. It is cared for solely by the doe, which hardly needs any extra help. Only if you kill this highly nervous and fiercely determined mother is it possible to take her baby from her.

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AS THEY GREW OLDER, Suzannah's lion cubs grew friskier; they plagued their mother endlessly. A favorite trick was to pounce on the she-lion's tail, bite and claw at it. Wearily Suzannah would move it from side to side in an effort to avoid the needle-sharp teeth, yet not once did she reprimand her offspring. Then, when it seemed as though the lioness was at the limit of her endurance, the zoo keeper put the cubs on the other side of a wall. The mother listened to her young ones mew in pitiful boredom. She grew restless. Her food went untouched. Soon she found a crack in the wall, backed against it, and thrust her tail through. Now purrs of delight enlivened the cage again. The old she-lion lay in quiet resignation, wincing occasionally from a particularly fierce attack, but obviously well-satisfied: her children were happy.



WHEN A LIONESS races from the scene of courtship, she is not being coy; she is, more often than not, running for safety. For, although most lion families are characterized by docility and mutual gentleness, love, perversely enough, turns the big cats to violence. Fighting between male and male attends the choice of mates. Ferocity between male and female marks the actual mating. And battle between male and cub is the ultimate and inevitable aftermath. This phenomenon is also true of tigers, cougars, leopards. One zoo, anxious to mate two jaguars, put them in adjoining cages so they would get to know one another. They licked each other's outstretched paws and purred in contentment. Confidently, the zoo keeper raised the gate between cages, whereupon the male leaped upon his would-be mate and killed her.



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NOT ONLY DO GIBBONS live monogamously, but outsiders that try to encroach upon the harmony of this home are apt to be violently beset by mama or papa—or both. Most other apes, while not cherishing rigid ideals of marital fidelity, have attained, nevertheless, a rare kind of family relationship. Separate an ape from his companions and you make him desperately unhappy. Primate compassion for sick or weaker members of the group knows no bounds. Chimps will bring food and delicacies to unfortunate friends, remove splinters from each other's fingers, all the while clucking sympathetically. Only when courting must past performance be forgotten. Once, a lady chimp began a love campaign designed to captivate her companion. When he failed to respond, she flew at him and blackened both his eyes.



THE 20-MONTH PREGNANCY of a cow elephant is mammal-dom's longest gestation period, and may explain their compelling maternal instinct. Queenie, for example, was a rebellious old cow which lived in splendid isolation at the zoo. When a nursing baby was put in her cage, she swished her tail in wild embarrassment. But when the newcomer toddled against her wrinkled side, Queenie promptly adopted the baby. Elephants live in well-ordered herds in which all males often take second place to a female leader. Explorers have reported instances of wounded elephants being lifted between the bodies of companions and removed to a safe place. In one herd, at least five beasts always did their "sleeping" on their feet. When one tired and sank to the ground, another quickly rose to take his place: it was an elephant sentry system.

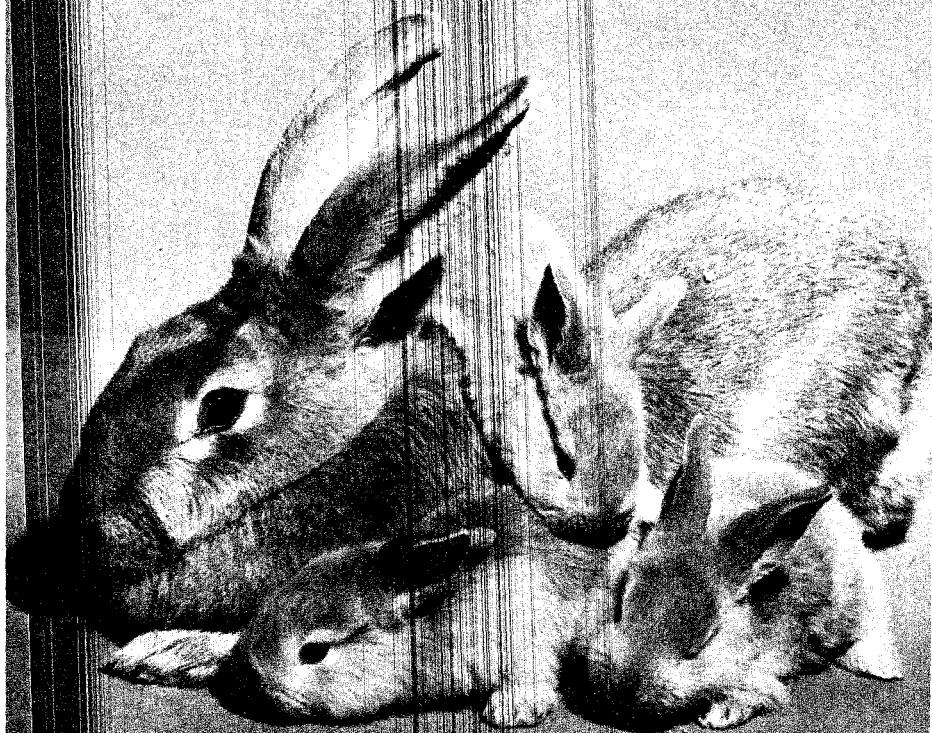
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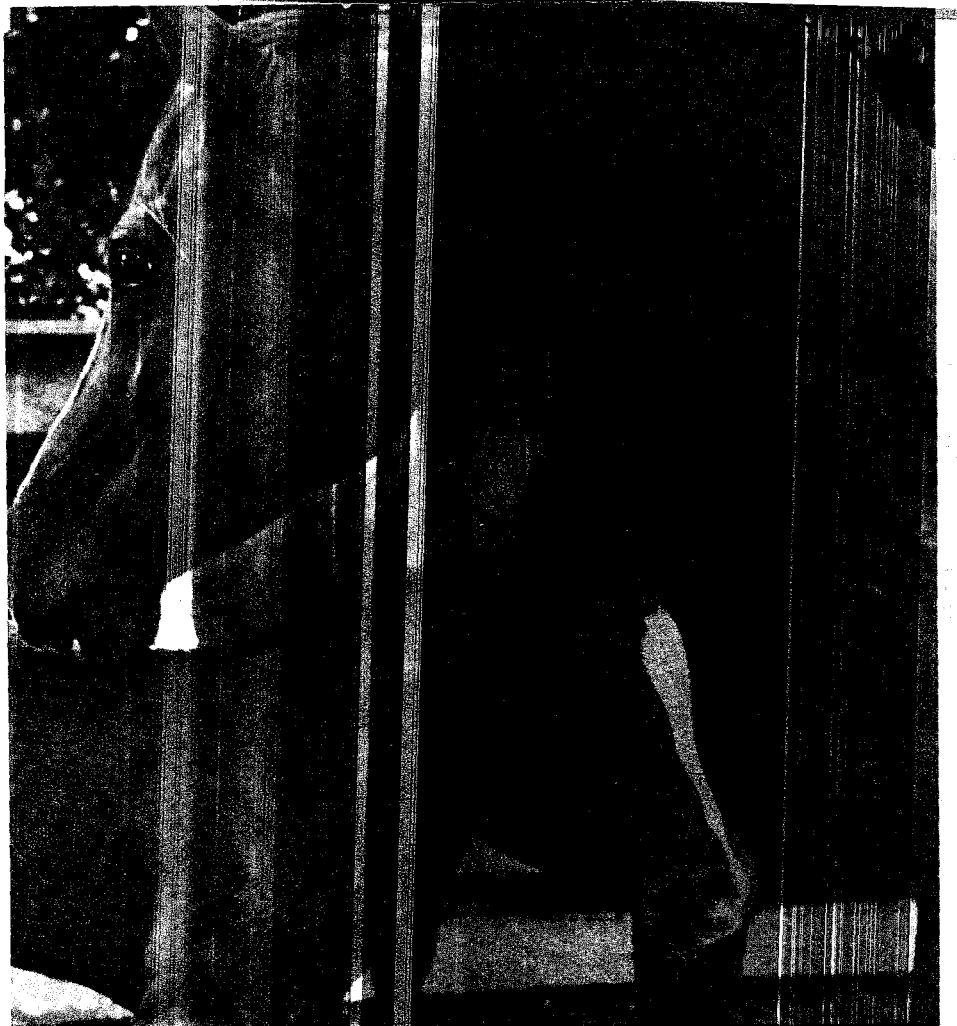
THE BIRTH OF ONE to three cubs near the end of her hibernation period does not greatly disturb the long sleep of the she-bear. A six-month fast has made the young ones fantastically small, but when the family emerges into the spring sunlight, the cubs have put themselves to chubbiness. There are lessons in tree-climbing and swimming. Polar bears are dragged into the water despite bitter protests. Transgressions in behavior bring a sharp rap across the snout from the mama. Father? Only in captivity does he live with his family—and even then his slightest menacing gesture toward the cubs brings a growl from the mother. Despite the intimacy of their childhood, the cubs are weaned and on their own at the end of a year. Should their paths cross, mother and children would pay little attention to each other.



NOTHING IN THE ANIMAL WORLD compares with the love of a dog for its master. Even in that proudest moment when a dog mother lies among her newborn puppies, she will gladly submit to having them picked up and fondled. Yet canine affection for their young—or any young—is almost legendary. Dogs, in fact, seem to be among nature's most gregarious creatures. One pup which loved water and a duck which hated it became friends and started swimming together—with the duck riding on her friend's back. Dogs have even been known to breed with wolves which, incidentally, display an amazing solicitude of their own for babies and feed them in a unique manner. While wolf pups are still unable to digest solid food, mother wolf eats a hearty meal, casts it up and lo! a predigested meal for the babies.



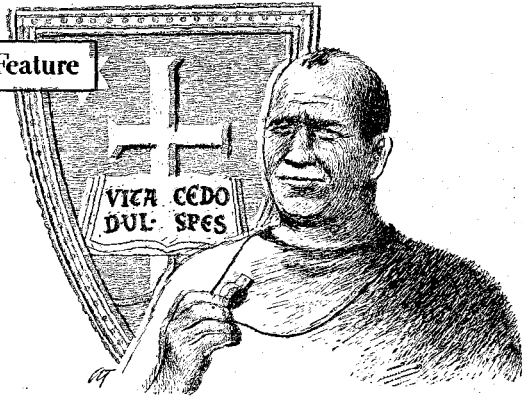
DOWN THROUGH THE AGES, rabbits have been a symbol of fertility and springtime, like the Easter bunny of ancient European origin. And the rabbit's unique place in history and legend is well-merited. Breeding all year, carrying its young only about 30 days, a female can produce four litters a year and may have as many as ten bunnies in each one. But despite their prolificity and in contradiction to all the children's stories about Peter Rabbit and his family, the cottontail is definitely not a one-family devotee. Both male and female are utterly promiscuous and an ambitious jack rabbit can amass an amazing number of children in a lifetime—without interest in any of them. Mother rabbit alone sees her offspring into adulthood. Bunny is born blind and furless, so a few weeks must elapse before he is ready to roam.



FOR SHEER BEAUTY, few devotions in the animal kingdom can match the love of a proud mare for her spindly-legged, quizzical-looking foal. All through the rangy, awkward days of a colt's growing up, the mare is at his side, protecting, encouraging, teaching. Long ago, nature chose to protect the horse by making him fleet of foot and by endowing him with an instinctive desire to travel with his fellows. So, even now, a colt's earliest lessons are in running: he plays by galloping skittishly across an open field and leaping across anything in his path. And, unlike most higher domesticated animals, he has never lost the primitive desire to be with others of his kind. Long after he has outgrown the need for the mare's attention and care, he is bound to her—and to the entire herd—by a mysterious and wonderful design of nature.



Special Feature



KNUTE ROCKNE: Football's Finest Figure

by CAROL HUGHES

AT A TIME in our sports history when wrestling has become a farce, basketball a scandal, and boxing is at a low ebb, the name of one man comes marching down the corridors of time to stand like an inspiring beacon.

In retrospect, the name and ethics of Knute Rockne loom larger today after time's seasoning than they did on the day back in 1931 when his body lay in state at Notre Dame University. Even then, half the world paid homage to the squat, homely, bald, broken-nosed football coach with the funny round face whom millions of people had grown to love.

When, a few days earlier, high on the windswept Flint Hills of Kansas, they had lifted the broken body of the great viking of football from the wreckage of an air-liner crash, Rockne's name was already

on the pedestal alongside the greats of his day—Jack Dempsey, Babe Ruth, and Charles Lindbergh. Also, a prophecy was made that bleak afternoon when they took Rockne down out of the hills.

John Cavanaugh, a professor at Notre Dame, had a vision that soared out over the years. Of Rockne he wrote: "Some will say his field of achievement was too trivial and limited to warrant his canonization among the immortals, but this man was vastly more than a football coach—there was something of Lincoln in the little immigrant from Norway."

If one looks nowadays upon the classic words, Prophet Cavanaugh's vision seems unclouded. For Knute Rockne left a heritage of sportsmanship and living unequaled by any other man in the world of sports that he loved so deeply. His clear,

concise words come down today to remind players, coaches, teams, and fans of the true meaning of sports and sportsmanship.

And yet, his greatness lay in varied directions. As a coach he was unexcelled; as a father and family man, his home life was ideal; as a builder and leader of men, Rockne was without peer; as a good American—one who truly understood and lived the meaning of democracy—his record had no flaw.

Long before the sports world had fought its battle in the late '40s on race and color lines, the Rockne blueprint was spoken in the '20s without fear or favoritism. When a wealthy alumnus of Notre Dame came to Rockne and demanded that his son be placed on the varsity-football eleven, Rockne said:

"I care only about the team. We have no fraternities here. We play no favorites. My eleven *best men* will make up my first eleven, regardless of nationalities, creed, financial status, or social prominence.

"Whatever man of whatever birth comes to this university and can play football—he is my man, a part of my team. We are just Notre Dame *men* here!"

As fearless as he was outspoken, Rockne stood for nothing that he did not consider right. At a game in New York in 1924, when a high dignitary insisted on visiting the locker room immediately after the game to see his son, Rockne sent a guard to tell him that it was strictly against rules—that the players would be out as soon as he and they were through.

The irate father shoved past the guard and, swearing at Rockne, opened the door. Rockne, without

hesitation, reached over, took him by the shoulders and the seat of his pants, and threw him down a short flight of stairs. Furious, the father threatened Rockne's job, demanding to know why his son had not played that day in his own home town. Said Rockne:

"Your son does well in two departments because he likes them. To make the Notre Dame team, you do what you're told in any department. The boy who is not reasonable enough to see that the team counts for more than the individual is not worth worrying about."

Thus, fans, fathers, and alumni learned from Rockne that the proper procedure for participation in sports was to pay their way and observe what they saw. In the end, they adored Rockne, and there was not one among them who wouldn't rather sit on the hard bench beside him than occupy the best box on the side lines.

The Legacy He Left

To his players, Rockne left a legacy of honor, decency, consideration, affection, and above all, a man-to-man sense of fellowship that will be handed down for generations. To those to come after him, he said: "To be a good player a man must have brains, guts, speed, self-restraint, motor co-ordination, that something known as fire of nervous energy, and to a lesser degree, physique and an unselfish point of view of sacrifice for the team.

"Sportsmanship means fair play. It means a real application of the golden rule. Bragging and gloating or any form of dishonesty have no place in it."

Knute also laid down a code of

ethics for coaches who came to him frequently for advice, for he towered above them all in his brief 12 years of glory. "A successful coach," he said, "must have personality, enthusiasm, certainly a technical knowledge of his game, a *sense of fair play*, sympathy and consideration for his players, and yet be a strict disciplinarian."

Rockne was all of that—and a great deal more. He showed his greatness in a bow to authority even when his word might have been law on a campus which his name and personality had brought from obscurity to world fame. Here his words have a Lincolnesque ring that might serve as a blueprint for success in any endeavor.

"From the beginning of my career as a coach, with whatever faults I brought to my profession," said the humble Rockne, "I at least had intelligence enough to recognize the fact that the faculty must run the institution. The school is their school, and the coach must bear in mind that his is an extra-curricular activity, like glee clubs, debating societies, campus politics, and publications.

"If a player flunks in class, he's no good to the coach or the school, and the coach who goes around trying to fix it for athletes to be scholastically eligible when mentally they're not is nothing but a plain, everyday fool!"

Only once in the Rockne record book is there an incident when he allowed any intervention for a player scholastically. That was the case of the great George Gipp, without whom no story of Rockne would be complete. Gipp, whom Rockne called "the greatest natural athlete

I have ever seen," had every quality that the coach admired.

One of the most brilliant students ever to cross a campus, one of the handsomest players on the field, Gipp—with that oddly mature philosophy of his and that detached personality that seemed always aware of his early approaching death—could do anything on a football field, and did.

Rockne really loved the boy, and as insistent as he was that the team be glorified rather than the player, no one could have dimmed the hero worship that belonged to Gipp in his fleeting days on the gridiron. When there came a time that Gipp was to be expelled from the campus for cutting classes, the townspeople went before the priests and asked if the school authorities would be willing to let Gipp take an oral examination—since there was not time for a week of written exams.

They agreed. When Gipp came out of the exam room, Rockne was hovering in the background, and the quiet, strange, odd personality that was Gipp flipped his cap and said: "I liked that oral examination, Rock."

When Joe Savoldi, the greatest offensive back of the year, resigned from the university in 1930, it was Rockne who sought him out and pleaded not for him to stay and return to football, but "please come back next year and finish your education—never mind football—your education is important."

The Dream of Security

In the great glory that was Rockne as a coach, few people remember what went into the making of the man. The little immigrant from

Norway, idolized by the multitudes, respected by giants of industry, and envied by the makers of money, was a relatively poor man. His whole life was hard, and forever a scrabble for money. Rockne was great because he made himself great—and he alone.

He came as a towheaded little boy from Voss, Norway, at the age of five. It was Rockne who worked throughout his childhood at spare jobs after school. It was he who left high school without a diploma and went to work to earn his dream of college. It was that same unsundered dream that kept him plugging and saving for almost four long years to earn his tuition.

At the age of 22, far beyond the years of most freshmen, he took his battered old suitcase and his \$1,000 and went bravely back to schooling. It was Rockne who earned every hour of his education—sweeping floors, waiting on tables, and in his own words, “emptying slop pots from the chemical laboratory.” And it was the young Rockne, with all his extra work, who graduated with a scholastic average of 92.5—more than enough to earn him a degree magna cum laude.

It was Rockne who, when his father died, packed up his old clothes and books and went home, with no thought but that his duty now was to take care of the family. A kindly and insistent sister sent him back to finish the last year. After that, he unhesitatingly took up the burden of his family and that of his own wife and the children that came along.

There never was enough money. It was the strength and integrity of the man that made him take on

a teaching job at Notre Dame and grab at the chance of extra work and extra money as an assistant coach. Even in the last year of his life, when all the breaks were coming his way and he was trying to earn more money to insure security for his family—even then, when every door was open to him, time had run out. So he was to die as he had lived, in modest circumstances, with a home on a shaded street near the Notre Dame campus, where he had almost no financial gains to show for his years of labor.

He, who gave so much to others, gave nothing to himself. At a time when his name and his fame and the idolatry of millions could so easily have corrupted him, there was no corruption in him.

Revolution in Football

Historians of his career agree that all that was Rockne in football began on a November day in 1913, when he caught a series of forward passes flipped to him on “The Plains” of West Point. Certainly the day and game will never be forgotten in the annals of sports. And while Rockne received little of the glory, it was a day of revolution in football history.

No one who saw the game will ever forget it, but none who looked down upon the gridiron that day could foresee that the homely, squat player with a displaced nose would from that day onward never be forgotten in sports—and would within a few years dominate the football world. For what the quiet, determined Rockne had set out to prove was that football need not be a game between big beefy players, in which bruising crashes were the sum

total of skill involved. Young Knute, on this afternoon in 1913, brought brains, skill, speed, and precision to the playing field of West Point.

Just as Rockne's coaching career began unnoticed, so began that game between Notre Dame and Army. Its genesis, however, dated back to the summer before. Rockne, always of slight build, had found no place for himself in football. He went out for the team every year, but due to the methods of play prior to the "Notre Dame technique" developed by Rockne, a man of his build had little chance against the sheer weight of mass involved in football.

As a lover of all sports, he resented the fact that the game held so little attraction for the man with brains—the man who must *think* as he played, not merely pit brute strength against brute strength.

In the summer of 1913, Rockne and his roommate, Charles E. (Gus) Dorais went to Cedar Point on Lake Erie to earn their keep for the coming year at Notre Dame. Already Rockne had become interested in a little-noted event that he had witnessed at a football game. It was called a "forward pass," and Rockne had been pleased to note that while it was seldom completed, it could be done by anyone—large or small, dumb or brainy.

All summer long, Rockne and Dorais practiced the pass in their spare time. Up and down the beach they raced with the ball, Dorais throwing, Rockne catching. Rockne's well-trained patience never let up, his faith never wavered.

When they returned to school in the fall of 1913, they felt they might have a surprise for flashy, colorful,

important West Point. The Academy had agreed to play Notre Dame that year for the first time. The game was almost an informal one: insignificant Notre Dame was considered a practice set-up for Army. When the team arrived, West Point extended every courtesy to the shabby, ill-equipped players, giving them officers' club privileges and the best accommodations.

On the day of the game, few spectators showed up, while only minor sports writers were present to cover it for their papers. The big-name reporters were covering important games at Princeton and Harvard. There was no excitement anywhere—except in the heart of Rockne, and Notre Dame.

The Army line-up was magnificent, with three All-Americans "out for practice." Little Notre Dame was so meagerly equipped that if a player were called out, the substitute had to borrow his shoes before going onto the field.

Army received the kickoff and Army's backs pushed toward the goal. To them, it was all dull and boring, but a good workout. Then, suddenly, it was Notre Dame's ball.

Nimble-footed Dorais evaded the Army tackles and with a quick eye saw that Rockne was waiting and ready. Out across the field soared the ball, over the heads of Army players, into the waiting arms of Rockne, whose fleet strong legs raced down the field so swiftly that the West Pointers stood almost paralyzed. Rockne went over for the touchdown.

Slightly amused at this accident, the West Pointers chuckled and then went back to playing. But in quick and incredible time, the for-

ward pass was completed again. Slightly puzzled, and with some alarm, the West Pointers found at half time that the score stood Notre Dame 14, Army 13.

Determined to end this nonsense, the West Pointers came back on the field and spread themselves in an effort to surround Dorais and Rockne. Thereupon, smart Captain Rockne called for a tight line formation and sent the massive Eichenlaub hurtling through the opposing team's spread defense.

As soon as Army closed in to stop Eichenlaub, a pass went soaring to Rockne and over he slammed for another touchdown.

By this time, everyone in the stands was aware that something was happening. They watched in awed silence, fearful of missing any Notre Dame trick. The once-bored sports writers were now edging toward the field, pencils flying. The cadets sat in unbelieving silence. During intermission the bewildered West Point team discussed what to defend and how many men it would take to do it.

Finally, deciding that Rockne was the principal man to watch, they surrounded him. Shrewd Knute then began to limp hopelessly about the field. Delighted at this happy turn of events, the West Pointers deserted him and went back to play their regular game. Just as they relaxed their vigilance, another ball from Dorais' educated arm settled into the practiced ones of Rockne. The crowd went wild: it was the first time the East had seen a 40-yard pass completed.

That game was never to be forgotten. It was to mark the beginning of Notre Dame's rise to promi-

nence. When it was over, the score stood Notre Dame 35, Army 13.

The Indianians had completed 14 of 17 passes that afternoon, and no football coach could ever again ignore the forward pass. While Dorais as the passer received credit in glowing accounts of the memorable game, Rockne held the vision. He was on his way, even though he did not fully realize it.

The Story of an Immigrant

While Rockne had all the qualities for success in any field of endeavor, the last field he would have picked was football. Nowhere in his career did he seek it out—it sought him out, and shoved him into fame through dire necessity. When he walked off old Cartier's Field after his last game at Notre Dame in his senior year, he never expected to participate again in the sport or have more than a fan's interest in it.

Later, he said simply and humbly: "When the breaks came my way, I am grateful that I had sufficient intelligence to take advantage of them."

From the day the little boy left his native Norway clinging to his mother's skirts, he was haunted by the specter of poverty and forever seeking security. Not an easy security, but that good, solid, substantial American something that gave a man a comfortable home, his bed and bread, and freedom from the fear of want.

Young Knute Kenneth Rockne, born in 1888, was a blond youngster still under school age when he arrived in this country. Something of the determination and independence of the family was shown in their decision to shun the large Chi-

cago Scandinavian settlement when they decided to settle permanently. The Rocknes moved to a two-storied brick home in Maplewood, wanting as soon as possible to identify themselves with their new country and learn the language. The father, Louis Rockne, found a job as stationary engineer on the newspaper *Scandinavia*, but his large family and his not-too-large salary did not provide for the life they had known in Norway.

Young Rockne, a regular boy, played the usual pranks, but there was always underneath a sense of responsibility to his family. In grammar school he was thin, scrawny, and never very tall. While possessed of a pair of fleet legs, he had no power to back them up.

At North West Division High School, which Rockne entered at 13, he was mostly a field and track star, but had a great love for baseball. He went out for football, making the team in his senior year, in spite of his father's objection that it was too rough.

With a great deal of pride, he ran home one day after a baseball game, blood spouting from his flattened nose, to reveal to his father that that game could be just as rough.

Rockne always worked. Before and after school he took any jobs which would bring additional money to the family. He missed so many classes in high school that finally his name was taken off the rolls, but Knute was determined now to obliterate his humble beginning and he knew that education was the only road. Setting his heart on the University of Illinois, at 18 he took a job as a mail dispatcher in the post office at \$100 a month

and began to save every penny he could for his tuition fund.

No namby-pamby, Rockne was later to exercise his good American right of free speech in saying what he thought about the postal service. As a youngster filled with ambition and determination, he worked his head off—while the old hands smiled cynically. In his autobiography he said frankly:

"The reason they smiled became clear. Hard work and merit meant nothing. The politicians got soft jobs for their favorites, regardless of civil service."

Rockne's straightforward manner of speaking was always one of the things that endeared him to newspapermen, and later to his radio audience. He never pulled punches, was overly frank to virtual strangers. This quality, plus a sharp wit, made him a delight to his hearers. Once, asked in a radio interview where he would like to coach if he should ever leave Notre Dame, he replied: "Sing Sing. The alumni never come back!"

The Road to Notre Dame

When Rockne had saved \$1,000 at the age of 22, he was ready to take the plunge into education. He was packing up for Illinois when two of his friends began to urge him to go to Notre Dame.

"But who ever heard of Notre Dame?" he asked Johnny Plant and Johnny Devine.

Convinced it was cheaper than Illinois and good scholastically, the Norwegian Protestant took his battered suitcase and invaded the Catholic stronghold. He was more than impressed with its beauty: the venerable old buildings, the tree-shad-

ed lanes, lovely St. Mary's Lake were as peaceful and serene as the priests roaming the campus.

One of a sparse band of Protestants in a predominantly Catholic institution, Rockne never felt an outsider. He went to his small room in an old building and found his roommate already there—Charles E. Dorais. Quietly and a little ashamed of his own poverty, he asked: "Where is your trunk?" Dorais said frankly: "I don't own one." Rockne breathed a sigh of relief, and from that day onward the two men were inseparable friends.

Rockne, with that haunting desire for security, decided to take up pharmacy: it was cheap and easy. He dreamed not of glory or fame, but of the prosaic life of a wealthy pharmacist with a prosperous drug-store back in Maplewood. Slim, weighing a scant 145 pounds, with thinning hair, the young Knute went out that day to register for his college life and his dream of drug-store security.

Immediately he registered for campus work to support himself. He was given his choice of sweeping out classrooms, cleaning science rooms, working as a janitor. He was serious about his studies (which he later changed to chemistry): his aims were high, his athletic ambitions low.

Knute participated in all the sports that time would allow, but most of his prowess was on the field and track teams. He went out for football each year, but his ability was considered negligible.

In college he met and fell in love with the woman who was to be the supreme influence in his life. She was Bonnie Skiles of Kenton, Ohio,

a tall, slim, sweet-mannered woman of Catholic faith, who was to provide him with the only type of home Knute Rockne could have lived in—a home that was almost a dormitory for the students and players whom Rockne loved.

They were married in the Parish Church of Sts. Peter and Paul in Sandusky, Ohio, on July 15, 1914. The Rev. William F. Murphy, who married them and forever remained a close friend, spoke knowingly of the two people when he said: "She was a devout young lady, modest in her ways and manners, capable of winning the hand and heart of the staid and judicious Rockne. Her womanly qualities were a superior kind. Certainly, Miss Bonnie Skiles had no small part in forming the character of the peerless Rockne."

Already, the priests of Notre Dame had grown to love the young Protestant. Invited back to teach chemistry the year after his graduation, Rockne spoke a prophecy: "I like these people so much that if I'm not careful, they'll convert me."

No Protestant moving in loneliness through a Catholic world, Knute, rough, frank, just, enthusiastic, energetic, was adored by the priests, and had long ago learned to love the soft candlelit chapels, and occasionally to pray alone at the altars. His prophecy became true before his death—he was converted to Catholicism.

The Hand of Destiny

Rockne went back to Notre Dame burdened by debts, by a new life, and by the knowledge of a fatherless family at home. He returned as a chemistry instructor, but once again destiny moved in. Offered the job

of serving as assistant coach to Jess Harper, Knute jumped at the chance of extra pay. Necessity was forcing him to greatness.

It was a hard, tiring, and thankless job. The poverty-ridden budget of the football team left only bare necessities. Rockne had to instruct every player on the field—backs as well as ends, tackles, guards, and centers. He doubled as trainer, ticket-taker, man-of-all-duties—a preparation against the day when he was called upon to be all things to all people. In the last year of his life, he was coach, writer, speaker, father, broker, automobile salesman, producer of motion-picture scenarios, and stimulator to action in a hundred fields.

Now he was merely instructor and assistant coach, but even then, his contacts with members of the Notre Dame squad were of the closest. The boys began to come to him with their troubles. But while he was always friend, he was always disciplinarian.

Once, when he had instructed a big strapping lineman on what he considered to be proper blocking, the conceited player took his position exactly as he had done before and played as he chose. Rockne walked out on the field.

"Go turn in your suit," he told the player. "We'll get along somehow without you!"

The team was astounded. An assistant coach firing a varsity player? The player looked hopefully toward Coach Harper, only to meet stony silence. Immediately he apologized to Rockne and asked for another chance.

The team looked at Rockne with a sudden new respect. He was on

his way, though he didn't know it.

Rockne remained assistant coach for four years. Many times he discussed giving up both coaching and teaching to go into the more lucrative field of commercial chemistry. And he was on the verge of quitting when chance put him on the main track. In 1918, Harper retired, and the \$8,500 salary was the deciding factor that made Rockne, at 30, the head coach.

One of his first acts was to send for his old friend Dorais as assistant. His team was mediocre and he still had to do everything. Once, when asked what was required of a coach, he replied: "I do everything there is to do, including ticket-taking and blowing up the footballs."

The shabby equipment almost broke his heart. He actually did not have enough tape to bind the players' injuries. The team had only two trunks, and these were used for the first eleven. The other players had to pack their own suitcases and carry them with their gear to the railroad stations.

Shoes, uniforms, jerseys, and headgear were handed down from year to year. When one player came limping off the field, his feet in agony where the cleats had worn through, he looked at Rockne, saw the hurt on his face, and limped back to play. Afterwards, Rockne said of this period:

"If the sports writers had really known the poverty of our equipment, they would have made us All-American on gameness alone."

His Secrets of Success

No one, not even Rockne, could have foreseen a day when a \$750,000 stadium would arise at Notre

Dame with a different coach for every type of play, and enough luxury equipment to outfit half-a-dozen football squads.

Few changes had been made in football prior to Rockne's taking over as head coach. Throughout the country, the game was still a contest of brawn against brawn. Goliaths of the game mowed down opponents and slugged their way to touchdowns. Just what it was that came to be known as the "Notre Dame technique" has never been determined.

Throughout the next 12 years, when his teams became the sleekest, fastest, most precise players in the world, there was still the puzzled feeling among observers and experts that there was some kind of hocus-pocus involved.

Nowhere in the records of those changes that Rockne brought about is credit given to him. Nowhere in his own writing does he take credit. Asked about his system by pleading coaches, Rockne said: "It's the pass, pass, pass, punt, and pray system."

The first secret of the great Rockne success was that he was loved as no man was ever loved by his teams. One newspaper writer of the day said: "They would come as a man from the first to the last to the Old Man's aid if he needed them; they would beg, borrow, or steal to come from the ends of the earth if he called for them."

The second great factor in his success was team spirit. With Rockne, it was always the team. He handled his players with the rhythm of an orchestra leader. "A football team is as good as its weakest player," he said, and meant it. His tactics were always that if a play failed,

it was not because the opponent was superior, but because some one man on the Rockne team had failed in his job.

He developed the most brilliant stars of his time, but to Rockne every individual was subordinate to the team. The humblest player in the lowest job got his share of attention. It was not unusual when the stands went wild and the sports writers glorified a certain player to find Rockne congratulating some unnamed guard or halfback for winning the game.

Technically, the thing that made Rockne players the greatest in football was the perfecting of every known aspect of the game. If, in the misty records, other people did invent the inventions, only Rockne perfected them. Under him the forward pass reached its height. Under him the shift play turned the whole game into one of speed and deception. Under him the open game became exactly what the term implied, a game in which quick thinking instead of mass slaughter became the order of play.

To Rockne, the idea of a football game was to win—to win with superior play, fair play, good sportsmanship—and to pit brain against brain. To him the touchdown was the goal. There was no other reason for being on the field.

Hour after hour, day after day, he schooled his men into errorless performance. And his job was done when his men hit the field.

"I can't play the game from the bench," he told his players. "Only the quarterback can discover the weakness of an opposing team. And even if I could do some hokey-pokey from the bench, it would be

poor football. If you can't think out there, you can't play!"

Rockne never sprang forth each season with a new bag of tricks. He stuck to perfecting the old tried and tested plays that he had found meant success, and while no one ever quite knew what a Notre Dame team would do next, the team itself always knew.

Highlights of History

To those who remember the days of Rockne's glory, there are memorable players, teams, and games. His great "Four Horsemen"—Crowley, Miller, Stuhldreher, and Layden—are names that will never die. Nor will the game in which, on one of the few occasions in his life, Rockne appealed to the emotions of his team.

George Gipp had died while at Notre Dame and, as Rockne had stood by his bed, with the heart of Notre Dame breaking, the brilliant boy had said casually: "Tell them to win one for me sometime."

The time came when Rockne's team was playing Army at Yankee Stadium before 85,000 spectators. The game was lost—or so it seemed. At half time Rockne walked in, looked at his dejected young giants and said: "This is a time to win one for the Gipper."

With cold chills running up their spines, they hit the field—and the rest became football history.

By 1930, which was to be Rockne's last season and his greatest, football had become the nation's rage. The crowds had grown from dribbling hundreds to swollen thousands. People began to travel hundreds of miles by car and train to see a game. Highways were clogged

for miles before any big contest. Exuberant alumni were demanding bigger and bigger stadiums. Football had become the greatest financial asset in college life.

A stadium had arisen on the Notre Dame campus that was an architectural triumph, and year after year the Rockne teams had become the greatest in America. The 1930 team was the most flawless ever to romp upon a field. Privately, Knute admitted it was his ideal team. And it was fitting that on December 6 this masterpiece should humble the powerful University of Southern California, 27 to 0.

His life at this time was the happiest of his whole career. Beloved by his wife and four proud children, William (1915), Knute, Jr. (1918), Mary Jean (1920), and John Vincent (1926), adored and respected by the nation, he stood at the crossroads with every sign pointing to wealth and greater glory. He loved his attractive yet modest house, filled with the good fellowship of students and the happy laughter of his growing youngsters.

Once, when he had chased Knute, Jr. two blocks on a parental-discipline mission, he came back laughing and said: "That boy is going to make one good track man!"

Proudly he held his special nursery hour with the children, reciting poems and telling stories. His good nature was always bubbling out. Once he asked his son seriously how old he was. Seven, the youngster replied proudly.

"Impossible," he said in surprise. "No one could get that dirty in just seven years."

His wife wrote of him after death: "Even to friends who are moved by

love and not at all by curiosity, it is hard to write intimately of one whose life and death stirred even strangers to tears.

"I do not see how any father could be nobler or kinder."

And so Knute Rockne moved to his final year, almost to his final day. He knew now that he must move into other fields to earn more money for the education and security of his family. His salary at Notre Dame had risen to \$10,000, and next year it would be doubled. He had added to his income with a radio program and a newspaper column. But his income was still negligible as compared to his fame. His generosity to all who came to him in need, his financial help to his young giants in trouble, was legend on the campus.

The year that lay ahead offered him a big income as sales manager for the Studebaker Corporation. In Hollywood, he was to make a few pictures and a small fortune. Also, he was going to publish his updated autobiography, and he had radio contracts. Never before had life seemed so golden.

Then came the final day. A big trimotored plane was warming up on the field at Kansas City. Rockne was flying to California on his way to wealth. He had stopped off to see his two sons in school, and had wired Bonnie in Florida: "Leaving right now—Love and kisses."

It was a bad morning, the ceiling low. The plane had postponed its take-off for an hour. But now the rain had ended. Fog was creeping in. But they had been cleared. Rockne was a chunky, bald man of

43 years now as he climbed aboard and took a front seat to protect an ailing leg.

Soon the big plane lifted off the ground and into the misty haze. A short time later the pilot re-contacted Kansas City and asked for weather reports over Wichita. Then suddenly the voice of the second pilot said:

"I do not have time to talk."

Two farm boys near the little town of Bazaar looked up to see a huge silver plane soaring out of the gray clouds just above the barn. As it shot again into the shrouded clouds, they stood silent, listening as the engine sputtered and a great roar followed. Then the silver wing of a plane fluttered lazily down from the heavens.

On April 1, as people everywhere picked up their papers and saw the screaming headlines, "Rockne Killed in Plane Crash," they stared unbelieving. A stunned Notre Dame refused to accept the news. Messages began to pour in from all over the world. Flowers, acres of them, overflowed the little home and were placed in the park near-by.

President Herbert Hoover wired not only praise of the coach but regrets of "his passing as a national loss." Ex-President Calvin Coolidge wrote: "Rockne was a great man, a profound teacher, and an inspiring leader. His intellect, his moral values, his right living and right thinking were the qualities of his great victories."

Every important name in the sports field and every important news writer began to wend his way to Notre Dame. Mayor Jimmy Walker came from New York. Rockne's aged mother was there.

The King of Norway sent a special delegation of personal representatives. People from every walk of life arrived: a stream of visitors flowed unceasingly past the coffin.

And his men came, almost to the last man. Weeping, they took up their guard beside the blue-and-gold draped casket. "Gus" Dorais was there. Jess Harper went to bring Rockne back home, and stayed beside him.

The "Four Horsemen" were there. And the Rev. Charles L. O. O'Donnell, C.S.C., president of Notre Dame, stood in the silent chapel, in the silent town of South Bend with every store closed and every flag at half staff, with every

priest quietly weeping, and said: "In an age that has stamped itself as the era of the 'go-getter'—a horrible word for a ruthless thing—he was a 'go-giver.' He made use of all the proven machinery and legitimate methods of modern activity to be essentially not modern at all; to be elementarily human and Christian, giving himself like water, not for himself but for others."

This was not merely a sportsman who was dead. This was not merely a football coach. This was a man. Who and what was he?

Ask any youth in America today. He will tell you who was buried at mourning Notre Dame on that gray April day just 20 years ago.

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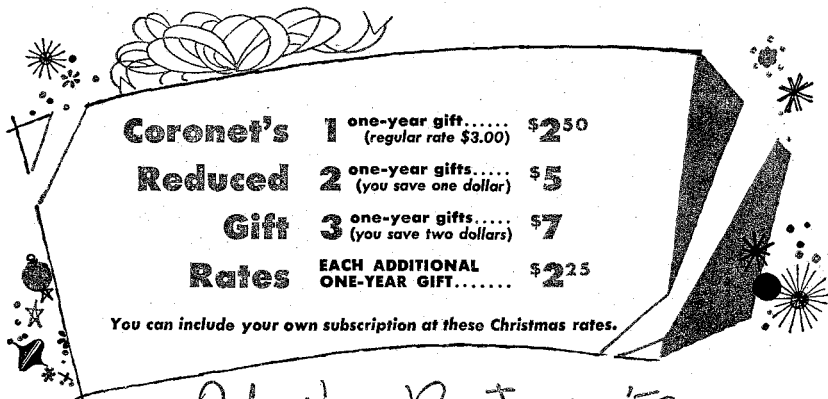
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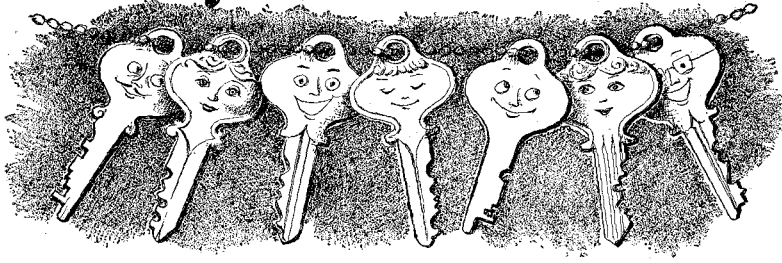
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Keys to Personal Charm



by JEANNETTE EYERLY

The magnetism that makes and holds friends is within easy reach of everybody

ONE OF THE most charming women I know has a gaunt and horsy face, framed by bouncing sausage curls. And one of the most charming men of my acquaintance has a well-defined paunch and a widening bald spot. Neither is young, wealthy, or socially prominent, yet their friends number literally in the hundreds.

What is their secret? A Hollywood actress who recently staged a comeback at the age of 52 knows. So does a certain middle-aged crooner, as well as one of the world's greatest scientists and a musical-comedy star who is a grandfather!

Their secret is charm—or personality or magnetism—a quality that can actually be acquired and is within reach of everyone. By following a few simple guideposts, we can all be more charming, have more friends, and make our lives run more smoothly.

1. *Charm, like charity, should begin at home.* In fact, if a person is not charming at home, he is not charm-

ing at all. I saw this forcibly illustrated not long ago by a young business acquaintance of my husband. I had met him casually and thought him a charming, well-mannered individual. Then one night my husband and I stopped by his home to return a book.

He greeted us warmly, urged us to sit down, then called his wife. But the latter was an unnecessary gesture, for his attitude toward her was overbearing to the point of rudeness. When she tried to contribute to the conversation, he told her bluntly that she didn't know what she was talking about. A short time later his two small daughters made their appearance. But before we learned their names he had banished them, in tears, to their room.

We left as soon as possible—and have not returned.

The steady practice of being agreeable and charming to wife, husband, or in-laws works astonishing results in all domestic relations. In fact, marriage counselors

have observed that there would be fewer divorces and less juvenile delinquency if parents were as charming to each other—and to their children—as they usually are to outsiders.

2. *Friendliness is the greatest gift you can give another.* It is also the foundation on which true charm rests.

“When I was a little girl,” says one of the most charming women I know, “my grandmother acquainted me with the facts of life. I don’t mean the ‘birds, bees, and flowers’ variety, but the cold hard facts of human relationships. ‘You’re not pretty, Etta,’ she said, ‘or graceful. So if people aren’t going to love you for your looks, they’ll have to love you for some other quality. Be friendly with everyone—truly friendly. If you *like* people, they can’t help liking you.’

“I cried off and on for two days; then, being a sensible child, decided to see if there was anything in what my grandmother said.” My friend’s eyes twinkled happily in reminiscence. “There was!”

Another charming woman of my acquaintance has as staunch admirers in the milkman, the cobbler, the butcher at her grocery, as she has in the business associates of her husband. She puts it this way:

“The greatest pleasure in living comes, I am convinced, from our friendships with the people who surround us. Even a trip downtown becomes an experience when you have a speaking acquaintance with the streetcar conductor, the traffic policeman, the clerks in the stores. I’m not a person with ‘magnetic personality.’ It is my friends. They draw me to them.”

3. *Charm cannot exist with preten-*

tiousness. A blatant show-off cannot be charming.

At a recent party, I met a good-looking, well-dressed man in his middle forties. But in less than five minutes my initial impression—that here was a charming man—had disappeared. Seated with a group, he took over the conversation and became so engrossed in talking about himself that he did not notice when several people excused themselves and walked away.

It was impossible not to contrast his pretentiousness with the modest charm of another man who, with his wife and children, occupied a cottage next to ours at a summer resort. For several weeks we talked with him on the beach and at the lodge, and fished with him, his wife and children from the end of the dock. It was not until our vacation was nearly over that we learned he was a noted physicist, and his wife the author of a best seller.

4. *Learn to give of yourself if you would be charming.* Unselfishness, selflessness, interest in other people—the terminology matters little. The important thing is that the truly charming person puts the pleasure, happiness, and comfort of others ahead of his own.

One of the most attractive women I know has taught for many years at a large Midwestern university. Although other professors on the campus have won more scholastic honors, none can approach her in popularity. Her classes are always packed, and former students returning after many years always seek her out.

Among her most devoted admirers are the scores of young men with whom she corresponded dur-

ing World War II. One said: "I don't know what makes her so terrific. But she can make the most ordinary guy seem smart and clever and—somehow—well, important. The funny part of it is, that rather than disappoint her, you find yourself doing things you never dreamed you could."

Unselfish interest in others can be expressed in many ways, the simplest of which is sharing. It matters little what is given—a pie fresh from the oven, garden flowers, lunch to the child of a neighbor who is ill, an unused theater ticket, or merely a Sunday-afternoon ride to the elderly couple down the street.

5. *Enthusiasm for life is a must.* If you find joy in life, others will enjoy you. As surely as the happy, interested, enthusiastic person attracts others to him, the pessimistic, bored, or apathetic individual repels them. No one—man or woman—can be in the same room with a certain friend of mine for more than a few minutes without being aware of her tremendous magnetism.

"I like to call her up just to hear her say hello," a mutual acquaintance said. "She answers the telephone as if she expected it to be some lawyer telling her that she has just inherited a million dollars. Then, when she discovers it's only me, she exclaims, 'Maude! How are you?'—as if she'd been waiting all day just for me to telephone."

The person who enjoys life not only generates charm but finds all human relationships made easier—even marriage!

Dr. Albert Edward Wiggam, who has spent a lifetime "exploring" people's minds, believes that many could take a lesson from the girl

who acknowledged her young man's written proposal of marriage by wiring—"Yes! Gladly, willingly, joyfully, gratefully, lovingly, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes!"

Says Dr. Wiggam: "I will bet that marriage succeeded!"

6. *To be charming, you must grow mentally.* An analysis of the men and women you find most charming generally reveals that, regardless of age or occupation, they are still "learning." However, this does not mean a planned course of self-improvement, but rather, minds open to mental growth.

Formal education is no criterion of true charm. I know a man who, in spite of several degrees after his name, is among the least charming people I have ever met. He holds completely unalterable views on every subject under the sun, from politics to the depth at which a Zinnia seed should be planted. He has not had a new idea or changed an opinion in 20 years—for the simple reason that he refuses to listen to any views different from his own.

Yet an elderly woman of my acquaintance, who stopped school at 14, is both "educated" and charming. Although she is a shut-in and cannot go to her friends' homes, they come to hers—not only her contemporaries but the youngsters in her neighborhood.

"She may be a grandmother," a teen-ager told me, "but she's got young ideas. She even listens to Stan Kenton!"

The man or woman who grows mentally learns to speak intelligently—and also to be a good listener. There is charm in doing both well.

I know a woman who received a great compliment—and afterward

a check for her pet charity—by the simple expedient of letting her dinner-table companion talk. She merely asked him one well-phrased question—and he spent 15 minutes relating how he had caught a giant tarpon off the Florida coast. Asked later how he liked her, his verdict was a brief but emphatic, “Damned attractive woman!”

The person who grows mentally never grows old—for charm knows no age limits. Although Wallis Warfield Simpson was 40, her charm was so great that Edward VIII abdicated the throne of Great Britain rather than live without her.

7. *Self-confidence leads to charm.* The man or woman who faces life confidently cannot help but draw others to him.

Self-confidence is rooted in simple things. Sarah Bernhardt once said: “Nothing makes a woman feel more charming than a new corset.” She might have added that nothing

does more for a man’s self-confidence than a haircut or shoeshine.

For it is always wise to remember that although beauty for a woman or good looks for a man are not important, good grooming is essential; that the quality of the clothes you wear does not matter as much as their appropriateness to the occasion and the way you wear them; and that it is not what you do for a living, but your attitude toward the job, that counts.

Simple confidence in your own ability—whether your talent is great or small, whether your job is trivial or important—will reap its harvest of charm.

Enthusiasm for life, friendliness, generosity, humility, confidence, and an active mind are not the property of a fortunate few, but are potentials in each and every one of us. Give them a chance to go to work for you, and you, too, will have found the secret of true charm.

Strictly Hollywood



A HOLLYWOOD WRITER and his best friend, an oculist, went to a drive-in movie one night.

“These romantic items played by old men and women bore me,” the writer complained with a grimace. “Look how gray and fuzzy and timeworn all these stars look. Time they got some fresh, new kids in Hollywood.”

“Not at all,” said the oculist. “It’s only time you wiped your windshield!”

—IRVING HOFFMAN

GARY AND LINDSAY, two of Bing Crosby’s boys, were trying to hustle Mr. Music for new bicycles. Gary said: “You ask him!”

“Nope,” Lindsay retorted. “It’s up to you to ask him. You’re older. You’ve known him longer!”

—HY GARDNER

“GET ME SOME ballet dancers,” ordered director Gregory Ratoff, after a frustrated morning.

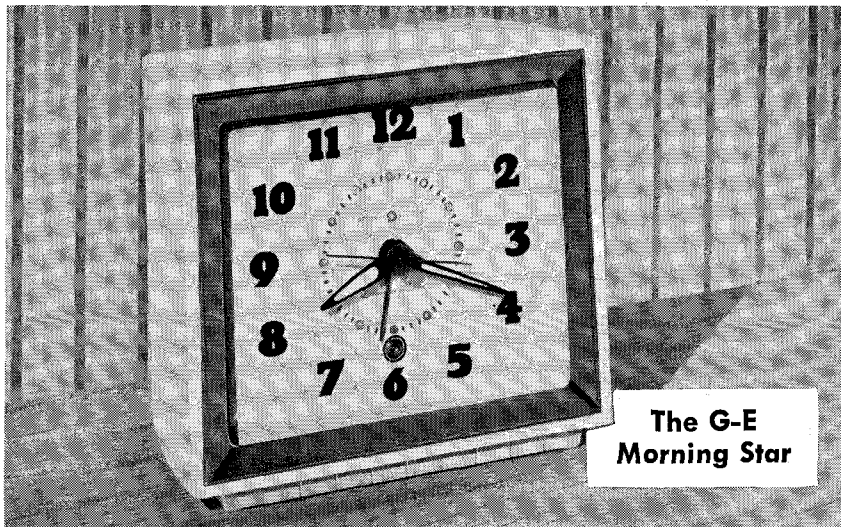
“Ballet dancers?” protested his puzzled assistant. “This script doesn’t call for ballet dancers.”

“I know that,” roared Ratoff, “but I want someone on his toes around here!”

—Practical English

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A Detective Is Born

by GLENN D. KITTLER

When a valuable diamond disappeared, he gambled his job on a hunch, and proved he had the makings of a Sherlock Holmes



TO BE A TRUSTED salesclerk in an exclusive New York jewelry shop was not enough for Harlen Jones. Indeed, it was nothing at all, since here was a man destined for greater things. From books and movies, he acquired a secret yearning to be a famous detective, and already in his daydreams he fancied himself a great investigator and an expert character analyst.

It was this inner man who viewed with high suspicion the suave, impeccably dressed gentleman who approached the counter one day and asked—a bit too casually—to see a tray of uncut gems.

Jones *knew*: this man was a clever jewel thief.

"I'm afraid there's nothing here I like," the customer said after viewing the tray. "Have you anything else to show me?"

In the split second Jones' back was turned, the theft occurred. The customer inspected the second tray, announced that he saw nothing he wanted, and turned to leave. Jones glanced at the first tray, counting rapidly. One of the largest stones was missing!

Stopped at the door by the house detective who had caught Jones' signal, the customer said, "Naturally, I shall submit to a thorough inspection. In fact, I insist upon it."

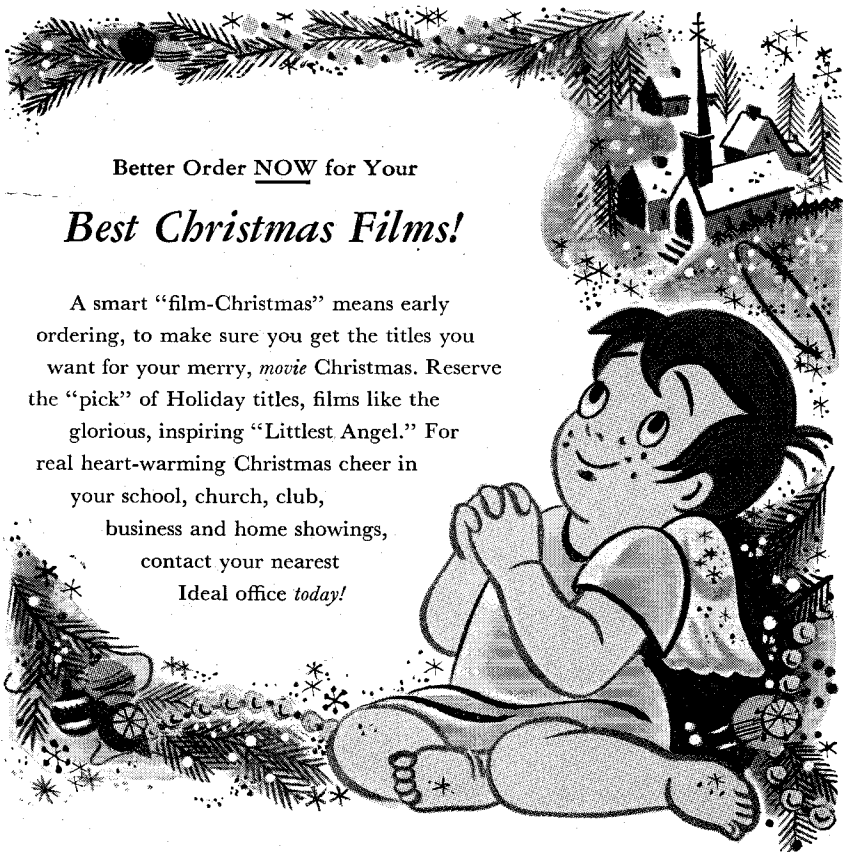
"Too eager," Jones thought, and his suspicions were confirmed when the detective announced that the missing jewel was not on the customer. Jones' supervisors warned him that similar embarrassment of customers in the future would cost him his job.

"Well," he said to himself, "the stone is still missing. I know Sherlock Holmes would not give up at this point, and neither will I!"

There was nothing suspicious about the pretty young woman who, some weeks later, entered the store and asked to see a selection of uncut gems. However, the clerk watched her closely. This time, after turning his back to reach for more gems, he counted the first tray immediately, but nothing had been removed.

Disappointed, he knew he could only redeem himself with his supervisors by catching a thief in the act, and he began to wonder if he was a detective after all.

As the woman turned to go, Jones noticed that her white fabric gloves,



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spotless when she had approached the counter, had dark smudges on the thumb and forefinger of the right hand. Holding his breath, he made a quick decision. If he was wrong this time, it would mean not only the loss of his job but destruction of his private illusions. Lifting his hand, he gave the usual signal to the house detective.

Stopped at the door, the woman exploded with indignation. She was insulted, she said, and refused to allow the detective to examine her.

"I'm sorry, madam," he apologized, reaching for her purse. A moment later he held the missing jewel in his hand.

To his fellow clerks who questioned him enviously, Jones explained that he sensed the missing jewel was in the store all the time, and that an accomplice would come for it. The clue of the soiled gloves assured him that the woman had removed the jewel from its hiding place. An inspection revealed that, embedded in a wad of chewing gum, the gem had been deftly hidden in a deep niche under the counter.

With proper modesty, Jones accepted the reward the store gave him, but there was something even more important to him: his old day-dreams had come true. He was, indeed, a great detective.



Fathers Fallacious

OUR MILKMAN says he has heard of new fathers who arrive at the hospital laden with footballs and electric trains, but that he has a customer who puts them to shame. This is the note he found tacked to the proud papa's door:

"It's an eight-pound boy. Won't be needing anything for ten days, then leave 5 or 6 quarts a day, or as much as babies need."

—MARY ALKUS

AN EXTREMELY NERVOUS young husband, informed by his wife that she suspected he was to become a father, rushed her at once to the family doctor. After the physician conducted his examination—which confirmed the lady's suspicion—the husband kept up a rapid fire of questions, all of which revealed that he was already wor-

rying about the proper time to start for the hospital with the little mother.

"You don't seem to understand, Doctor," he babbled. "I don't want my baby born in a taxicab. How can I be sure when it's time?"

"This will tell you!" snapped the long-suffering physician. Selecting a rubber stamp from a cabinet, he applied it gently to his patient, then ushered the couple out without another word.

When they reached home, the frantic young husband tried in vain to make out the finely printed words. Even with his reading glasses, he could not read them. Finally he dug up a magnifying glass and managed to decipher the doctor's message. It said:

WHEN YOU CAN READ THIS WITHOUT GLASSES—TAKE HER.

—FRANCES RODMAN

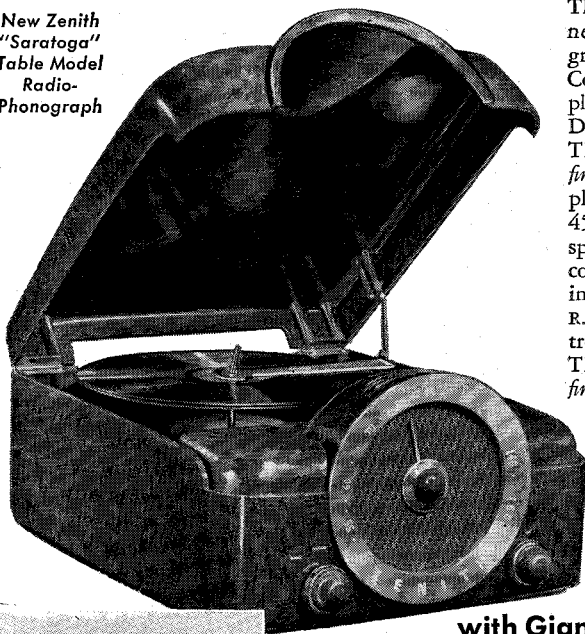
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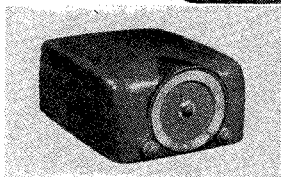
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CHILDREN OF FAITH

by AILEEN F. GAUNT

Here is the frank and moving story of a young mother who found, in an adoption agency, the unborn babies of her dreams



WE ARE THE PROUD PARENTS OF two adopted children. Friends and relatives and sweet old ladies go about polishing our halos and patting our shoulders. It is, they say, a very wonderful thing that we are doing—making a home for “somebody else’s children.” But that’s not the way we see it at all.

Long ago, in the dim period of rosy romance called engagement, our future was filled with expectant wonder. After our wedding day, we knew, would begin the home and family that meant living to us. Even when I became ill, a few months later, we still hoped for a child. After that came consultations, examinations, operations—and in the end, nothing.

“We have saved your life,” said the kind surgeons, “but you will never have any children.”

We wanted to be a family. By ourselves we were incomplete. Yet Jimmy and Susan, the children of our dreams, were never to be.

Sometimes we talked of adopting children, but postponed it for what we were convinced were practical reasons. Then came World War II. My husband went into the Maritime Service and, like many another young wife, I tearfully packed our household goods and went home to live with Mother.

Liberty Ships are slow and plodding. While thousands of miles separated us, we wrote out our hearts to each other. We admitted that our first ideas were still our best ideas. We threw away our “practical reasons.” Our dream of a home and family was patched and polished with the hope of adopting children.

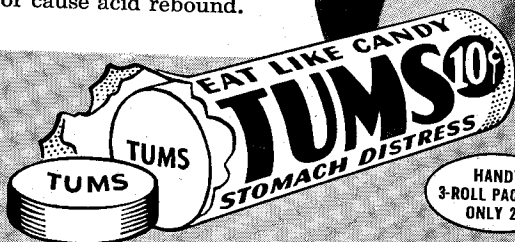
Then, at last, the able-bodied

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seaman came home, tanned and healthy. After he found a job, we began our hopeful search for a home and a child. We sat for hours in dim reception rooms, we followed many an obscure trail, we talked to evasive landlords. Finally we went to the local adoption agency. They were willing, at least, to accept our application for a baby.

"Sex?" they asked.

"Either," we replied.

"Either?" The caseworker seemed surprised.

"Yes," we assured her. "You see, we're just starting our family. After all, when parents have their babies by birth, they have nothing to say about the sex of the child. We'll take the first we can have."

"That makes it easier," she said. "But what about nationality? And do you want a blue-eyed blonde? So many people do."

We looked at each other and laughed. Happily we advised the pleasant woman that any color of hair or eyes and almost any nationality would do.

"Well, I can't promise," she said, "but I'll see. And don't forget to send in your character references."

ALMOST THREE YEARS AGO our first child came, a three-month-old girl with the promise of dark eyes and curly hair. She was just a baby, full of temper and loneliness, and needing our love as we needed her. We lived with relatives until we found a little house and talked the owner into renting it. Then we began to be a family.

After a year's probationary period, court proceedings made the baby ours for life. But before we left the courthouse, we said to the

caseworker, "Please put us down for another, won't you? A boy this time, of course, and an older child would be all right."

"How much older?"

I thought three was a nice age, and said so to the caseworker.

Several months later, I answered the phone and listened to a touching story about a five-year-old boy who was "up for adoption." I had asked for a three-year-old, but I said: "Could we see him?"

"Oh, yes, I'll bring him for a visit," the woman replied.

Dark hair and dark eyes again, but a fair skin that freckled like mine. We took him on trial and, of course, fell in love with him. We went into our probationary year full of hope and love.

But a five-year-old, especially a little boy who had spent his life in foster homes, was not a baby who would learn and grow according to our pattern. We told him that we wanted to be his real mother and father, but to him father and mother were just the couple one happened to be living with at the moment. And "always" is an incomprehensible word to one who does not know a month from a year.

We tried too hard, at first, to treat him as though he had always been our own. Then we treated him that way because we felt that way. We forgot he had spent those early years with strangers. Confusion nearly wrecked the relationship we were trying to build, but our hearts would not let us give up.

Through the adoption agency we were led to a child-guidance clinic. Here our problems were pulled apart and seemed not half so frightening. When you know the

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"why" of a problem, you have a firm base for your work.

Confidence began to crowd out confusion. We began to smile, and to tell ourselves that we should have expected trouble. After weathering our stormy year of emotional ups and downs, we came through to Court Day again.

We had talked to him about adoption before this. When he learned that we had adopted the baby, he developed a wonderful "big brother" way with her that warmed our hearts. Now he was eager for Court Day to come.

When he stood in the private office beyond the courtroom, he watched anxiously as the judge read the many papers and letters regarding our petition. At last the big man rose and, reaching across the desk, took the small boy's hand in his and said:

"Congratulations, Jim, you're set for life now!"

There was an audible sigh of breath released, and almost audible was the wide grin that followed it. Now we have a son, and he has the security of family and home that every child needs.

Some day, when he is old enough to understand, we will tell him how very special he is. Once we thought we were going to have a baby, and we dreamed and planned for his birth. Serious illness came instead.

But our Jimmy was born at the time we expected that baby. It is to us as though God had said, "No, not for you now. I will need you later for another child."

And our Susan was born in the very week in which we had filed our application for a baby. These are not things for the mind's understanding, but things of faith and love. Through the years that we longed for our "lost" children, we felt that they were somewhere, if we could only find them.

You who have had children of your bodies, in true cooperation with the Creator of all life, can never entirely understand us, we know. But do not think of our son and daughter as "someone else's children." The adoption papers state that these children are ours. Crisp birth certificates give additional evidence. But they are ours in a very special way.

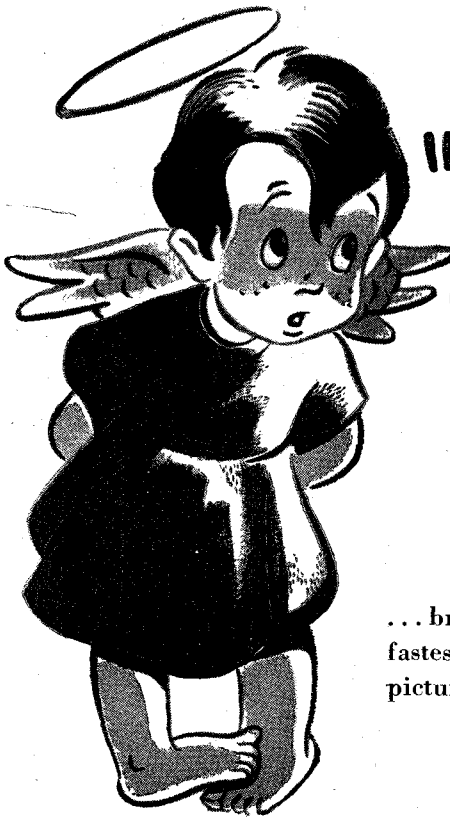
We have the Jimmy and Susan of our dreams. In sorrow that paced the dark nights, in lonely weeping, in faith and hope and prayer were they conceived.

They are born of our hearts in the labor of love.

As we believe that marriage is before God and forever, so we take these children to be our lawful son and daughter, to cherish and protect, and to be a family, as long as we shall live.

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practice and his halo keeps slipping over his eyes; but *The Littlest Angel* brings to the audience a heartwarming message which captures the spirit of Christmas itself.

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What Strange Powers Did The Ancients Possess?

EVERY important discovery relating to mind power, sound thinking and cause and effect, as applied to self-advancement, was known centuries ago, before the masses could read and write.

Much has been written about the wise men of old. A popular fallacy has it that their secrets of personal power and successful living were lost to the world. Knowledge of nature's laws, accumulated through the ages, is never lost. At times the great truths possessed by the sages were hidden from unscrupulous men in high places, but never destroyed.

Why Were Their Secrets Closely Guarded?

Only recently, as time is measured; not more than twenty generations ago, less than 1/100th of 1% of the earth's people were thought capable of receiving basic knowledge about the laws of life, for it is an elementary truism that knowledge is power and that power cannot be entrusted to the ignorant and the unworthy.

Wisdom is not readily attainable by the general public; nor recognized when right within reach. The average person absorbs a multitude of details about things, but goes through life without ever knowing where and how to acquire mastery of the fundamentals of the inner mind—that mysterious silent something which “whispers” to you from within.

Fundamental Laws of Nature

Your habits, accomplishments and weaknesses are the effects of causes. Your thoughts and actions are governed by fundamental laws. Example: The law

of compensation is as fundamental as the laws of breathing, eating and sleeping. All fixed laws of nature are as fascinating to study as they are vital to understand for success in life.

You can learn to find and follow every basic law of life. You can begin at any time to discover a whole new world of interesting truths. You can start at once to awaken your inner powers of self-understanding and self-advancement. You can learn from one of the world's oldest institutions, first known in America in 1694. Enjoying the high regard of hundreds of leaders, thinkers and teachers, the order is known as the Rosicrucian Brotherhood. Its complete name is the “Ancient and Mystical Order Rosae Crucis,” abbreviated by the initials “AMORC.” The teachings of the Order are not sold, for it is not a commercial organization, nor is it a religious sect. It is a non-profit fraternity, a brotherhood in the true sense.

Not For General Distribution

Sincere men and women, in search of the truth—those who wish to fit in with the ways of the world—are invited to write for complimentary copy of the sealed booklet, “The Mastery of Life.” It tells how to contact the librarian of the archives of AMORC for this rare knowledge. This booklet is not intended for general distribution; nor is it sent without request. It is therefore suggested that you write for your copy to:

Scribe B. D. C.

The ROSICRUCIANS
[AMORC]

San Jose

California

 A Gem from the
Coronet Story Teller

THE A-BOMB OF CHANCE



HERE IS AN A-bomb story you may never have heard before.

Nagasaki, the city which received the second of the two bombs we dropped near the end of World War II, was not really supposed to be hit. The primary target was an obscure Japanese city whose name no longer matters.

It had been chosen not only because of heavy concentrations of troops and materiel there, but because it was a city surrounded by hills. The Air Force believed that, because of these hills, the incredible blast would be compressed and concentrated, and destroy every living thing within range.

Everything went as planned on that morning of August 9, 1945. An advance B-29 flew over the target and radioed back that visibility was unlimited. But, an hour later, as the bomb-carrier itself came over on target, a curious thing happened. A near-by city had been hit the night before by fire bombs and was still smoking heavily. Now the wind

had turned abruptly, and drifting smoke from the burning town hovered over the target city . . . thick and impenetrable.

The B-29 carrying the A-bomb cruised back and forth for 55 minutes, for the bomb could not be dropped unless the target was clearly visible. Those were the rigid instructions . . . *no bombing by radar*. But the smoke would not clear; and so, after 55 sweatful minutes, the B-29 roared on to a secondary target—Nagasaki.

Weeks later, when the war had ended and our advance troops went into the city that had been spared by the smoke cloud, they discovered thousands of Allied war prisoners, including bedraggled American survivors of the Bataan Death March of 1942.

If there had not been a change in the wind—those thousands who had prayed so long for liberation would have been blasted into oblivion by America's most terrible weapon.

—BOB CONSIDINE

ILLUSTRATED BY LEW KELLER

YOU'RE SET...

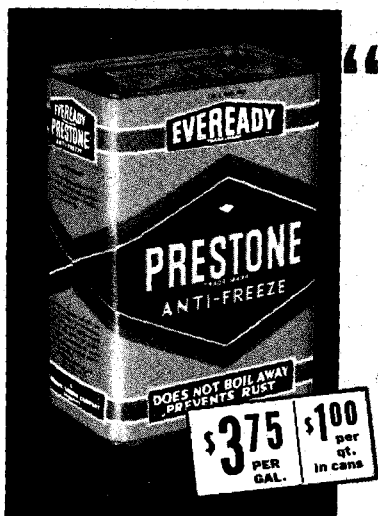
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